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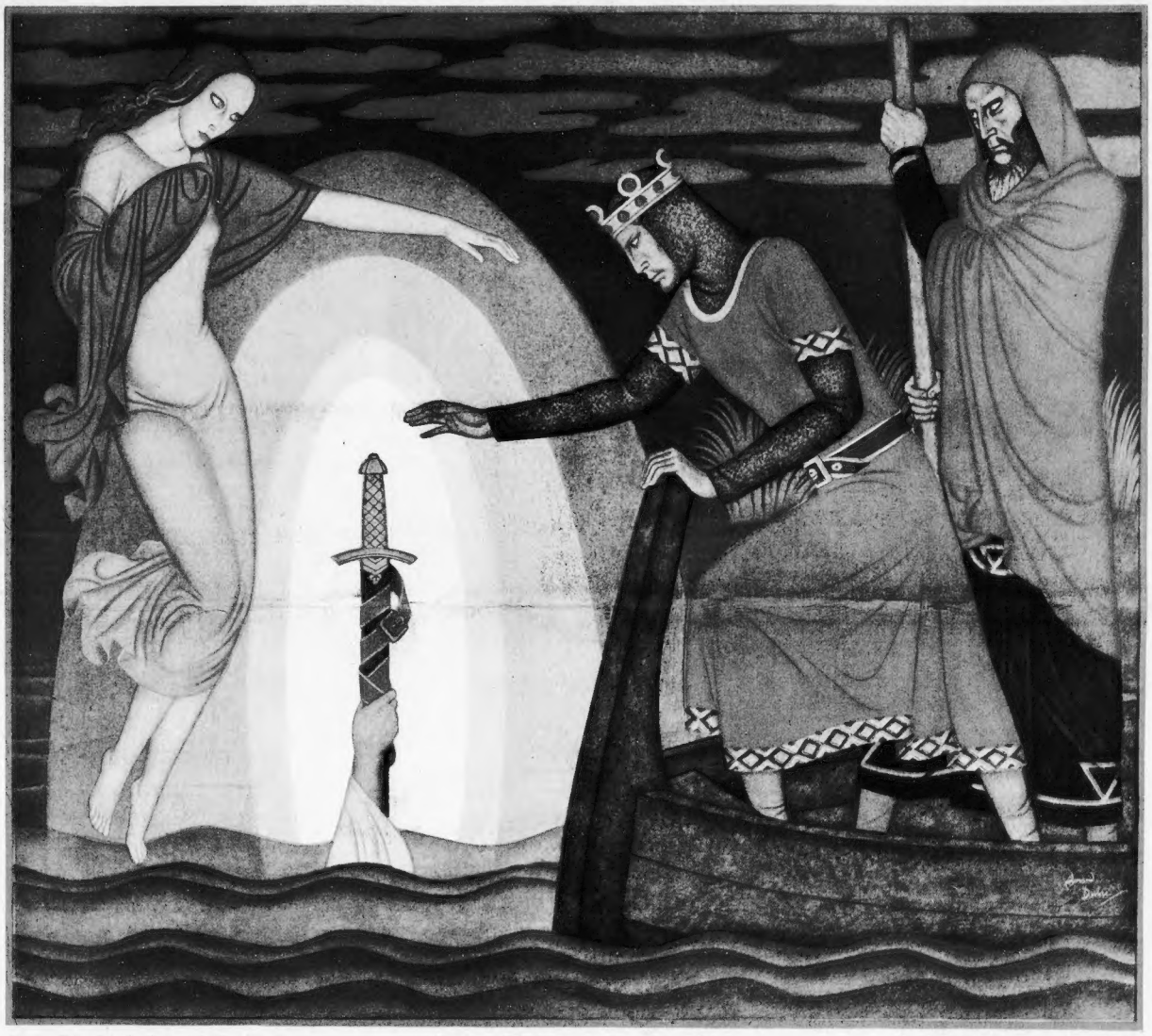


7 TALES From King Arthur's Court

Told by John Erskine
Who Wrote "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"
Paintings by Dulac

No. 1—Tale of Arthur's Sword "Excalibur"

IN HIS adventurous youth Arthur became King, but he hadn't a good sword, and without a good sword no king can amount to much. The best swords were forged by magic or acquired by a miracle, and Arthur, starting outwith a blade of ordinary manufacture, nearly met his death. When he was fighting with Pellinore, his cheap weapon broke in pieces, and Pellinore would have cut off his head if Merlin hadn't happened along and engaged him in conversation. Pellinore, who liked to finish one thing at a time, wouldn't talk until Arthur was dead, so Merlin put an enchantment on him and told Arthur they'd better get out of there.

But Arthur was worried; they were sure to meet someone, and anyone you meet is likely to be an enemy, and he had no sword. Merlin said he knew of a sword in those parts which they might pick up as they rode along.

They came to a lake, broad and deep, and out of the middle of the water an arm rose up waving a fine sword at them.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Merlin. "There's the sword now."

Before they could do anything about it they saw an engaging young woman walking on the water, coming in their direction.

"Who is she?" asked Arthur.

"That's the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin. "She spends most of her time in a palace inside a rock, which is under the surface, and if you speak to her politely she'll give you the sword."

Arthur put on his best manners. "Damsel," said he, "I need a sword, and that one would suit me perfectly if I could get it."

"Sir Arthur," said the lady, "it belongs to me, but it's yours on one condition; promise me a little gift which I shall name later."

"Whatever you wish," replied Arthur, who could be reckless at times.

"Well," said the young woman, "since you probably can't walk on water the way I can, seat yourself in yonder boat and row to where the sword is, and when you get to it, seize it firmly by the hilt and be sure to take the scabbard along. You'll need it."

"And what about that gift you spoke of?" said Arthur, whose mind was beginning to work.

"Let me ask for that," said the damsel, "when the right time comes."

Arthur and Merlin got down and hitched their horses to a tree, and sat in the boat, Arthur doing the rowing. When they reached the hand sticking out of the water, he grasped the sword by the handle and gave a good pull. It came away more easily than he expected, and the scabbard with it, and at once the arm and the hand sank out of sight. He laid the sword reverently on the boat bottom and looked around to thank the lady, but she was gone.

So they made for shore, unhitched their horses and rode off, talking of this and that.

"Which do you fancy more," said Merlin, "the blade or the scabbard?"

"The blade, of course," said Arthur, perplexed that even a philosopher should ask a question as easy to answer as that.

"It's a matter of opinion," said Merlin. "The blade is out of the ordinary, but so is the sheath. So long as you have it strapped to your middle you won't bleed a drop, however you may be wounded."

Arthur's gratitude doubled at the news, and he promised never to leave the scabbard at home.

But though he had now found a sword worthy of him, the story isn't finished, as you can see for yourself; in the back of his head he was thinking the lady might put in an appearance any moment and ask something awkward. Besides, he had forgotten to inquire what the sword was called. The best swords, the magical ones, have always a name, and unless you know its name you can't get out of a sword what you should.

In those days it was, you might say, the fashion for damsels from faeryland to distribute magical weapons among the deserving. Arthur's case was not unique. To be sure, not all of the young women were as beautiful as the Lady of the Lake, few of them had skill in walking on

"Continued on Page (16)

Before the Considerate Countryman Hanged Himself He Had Saved His Friends the Trouble of Buying Him a Casket or Having a Grave Dug to Receive His Remains.

America's Most Considerate Suicide

EVERY day there are many people in this country who, for one reason or another, put a violent end to their lives. Some of them leap under the mangling wheels of trains. Others swallow poison. Or shoot themselves. Or snuff in lethal doses of deadly gas.

Most of these unhappy souls leave behind them messy situations for their kinfolk and their friends to clean up. In their urgency to "shuffle off this mortal coil" they are too concerned with keeping a rendezvous with death to think of the inconvenience they cause the living.

Now and again, however, the newspapers report the case of a suicide who is not too befuddled, nor inconsiderate, in the face of grim circumstance to give a thought to others. These people put their affairs in order. They make their wills. They leave plain instructions for the disposition of their remains and manage to depart this life with a minimum of unpleasant fuss and furore.

Such a man was 70-year-old Andrew Cleaves, of the little town of Sangerville, Maine. His neighbors think that he was about the most considerate suicide they ever heard of.

Not long ago, the aged and unhappy Mr. Cleaves hanged himself from a tree, not far from the Church place where he had made his home for many years. He left a note bequeathing his few worldly goods to people who had been kind to him, and gave plain directions where his body would be found. But that wasn't all—he also had bought a coffin and had a grave dug. He had paid for these grim necessities—and his funeral—because, as he put it, he "didn't like to be any bother to anyone."

Several days before he killed himself, Mr. Cleaves dropped into the undertaking parlor of Carleton Harvey. He was calm and courteous, as he always was to his fellow men. He explained in his thin, old voice that he was getting along in years.

"I'm an old man," he said, "and before long I'm going to die. I'd like to pay for my funeral now."

Although the situation was a little unusual, it is not unique. Mr. Harvey had known of other people who had made their funeral arrangements in advance of actual necessity. So he talked with the old man, found out what kind of funeral he had in mind, and hoped that it would be a long time before he would be called upon to consummate the deal.

Mr. Cleaves didn't say he hoped so, too—neither did he give the slightest hint that the medical examiner would be calling Mr. Harvey within the next few days. The two men went out into the back room of the funeral parlor and the old man picked out a plain, solid and inexpensive coffin. He was as collected and businesslike as though he were buying an order of groceries, or a suit of clothes.

He took some well-thumbed bills from an old wallet and paid for his coffin and his funeral. He shook hands with Mr. Harvey and went away.

A day or two later Mr. Cleaves paid a visit to the nearby village of Abbot. He called on a cemetery official and made all arrangements to have a grave opened. He didn't say it was for himself. Again he paid, and went away.

It wasn't long after that that Mr. and Mrs. William Church found the note telling them that the old man who had lived with them for many years was no longer among the living. His body would be found behind a certain shed. And it was.

The Churches were shocked. They knew that Mr. Cleaves had felt himself a burden to them, but they had tried to talk him out of this depressed frame of mind. They knew that, in spite of everything they could do, that their guest felt lonely, because he had not a living relative.

They tried, as best they could, to fill this gap. They knew that the years were weighing heavily on the old man and that he spent a great deal of time thinking of the days when he was a strong, hard-working farmer, one of the best in the State of Maine. And they made a lot of conversation about the "Autumn of life" and how a man earns the right to take things easy after years of hard work. They suspected that the old man didn't place much stock by what they said. But they didn't think for a minute that he was in a mood to take his own life.

Their greatest surprise, however, came when they learned that Mr. Cleaves had looked after all the details of his own funeral. A grave was ready to receive his body. A coffin and that "last ride" to the graveyard were all paid for. A simple will and testament left no confusion about the distribution of the few things he left behind.

To the Churches and to everybody else in the neighborhood—when the strange story of Andrew Cleaves passing came out—it seemed that they could point with pride to the country's most considerate suicide. Their neighbor who had moved so quietly among them hadn't wanted to be a burden to anyone, even when he was obsessed by the urge to end his days.

The tragedy had its sentimental aspects, for the spot the old man had picked to hang himself was his favorite one on the farm where he had once worked when he was well able to pay his own way. It was a sheltered one and the tree of death was behind an old shed, so that no one would have the unpleasant experience of driving along the road and seeing a gaunt body swinging in the wind.

How The Crooks Who Steal Automobiles Work Their Racket

FROM New York to San Francisco, from Portland to Miami Beach, the cry "my car has been stolen" is heard at least 215,569 times a year. The toll of the auto stealing racket reaches $168,000,000 before the last car of the year comes off the assembly line. Out of every nine cars produced, one is destined to become the booty of racketeers.

These figures are quite apart from the lesser booty obtained by smaller fry thieves who steal valuables left in cars. No estimate can be made of the hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gloves, fur pieces, merchandise, clothing, suit-cases and money that is annually stolen from cars supposedly locked up tight by their owners, who believed no one could break into their automobiles.

Any dark street may have its prowler waiting for the owner to leave his car for only a few minutes so that he can either drive it away to a secret place, there to alter it before it is sold for a fraction of its price, or rifle it for any valuable belongings or accessories.

Auto thieves, like their brothers the burglars, work best in the dark.

Ten minutes after the owner has parked his car, the thief goes to work. He slips a thin screwdriver between the ventilator window and the regular glass. Quickly he pries it open half an inch. That is all he needs in which to work. The glass won't crack because it is shatter-proof. Then he insert a thin wire about 20 inches long with a loop in one end. He is a practiced fisherman and it is no trick at all to catch the inside handle with his loop. In fifteen seconds he has opened the door of the tightly "locked" car.

There are other variations to the car-stealing racket. Sometimes a "stranger" may be parked in back of a car he wishes to steal. When the owner comes for his car, the thief claims to have locked himself out of his car. He asks to try the other man's key in the hope it will open his car. But automobile manufacturers have long since discarded the "same key for all cars" policy so the stranger is merely going to palm your key in his hand with a piece of wax or soap so that he gets a good impression of it. Then a good locksmith can easily make a duplicate key. Or the thief may memorize the number on it and get another key made by asking the locksmith for a duplicate with the same serial number. Then he comes back for your car.

These methods are small-time to the professional crook. He can't afford to get a wax impression or wait until the owner parks the kind of car he wants. He knows beforehand the type of car he can sell for quick cash and he goes looking for it.

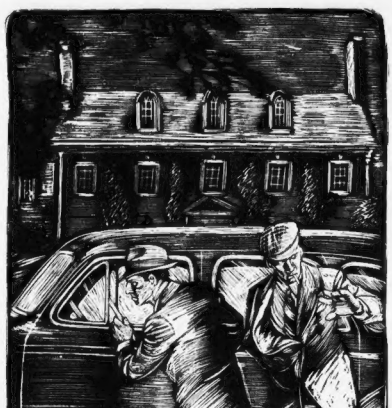
When he spots the car he wants, he memorizes the license number. Then he calls the "fence" who is going to buy it and asks him to get the name and address of the man who owns it.

The "fence" gets the correct information by calling a political friend who has access to the list of motor vehicle owners. He explains "some deadbeat is trying to do me out of a garage bill. Will you give me the name of that guy so I can nab him?"

Armed with this information the thief waits after dark for the victim to drive up in front of his home. The owner steps out, locks it securely and goes into the house.

Two minutes later, the thief slips his special thin screwdriver in the edge of the door, pries away the rubber strip, loosens the screw that holds the lock and takes it out. Any crook can fit a key to a lock once it is in his hands. He merely takes it where he can't be seen. Once that simple job is done, the car is lost.

Many cars are built so that the door lock cylinder can't be removed so easily. When such a car is marked for theft, another technique is used. On the pretext of repairing the motor, the thief lifts the hood. With another hooked wire, he goes fishing for the door handle up through the slot in which the clutch moves up and down through the floor. In a few minutes he has caught the door handle and a quick jerk opens it. Once inside, the darkness conceals him from anyone who might become suspicious and interfere with his plans by calling for the police.



The Gangsters Who Specialize in Stealing Cars Have Become So Clever at Their Racket That They Get Away With More Than 215,000 Machines a Year, Rolling Stock Worth About $168,000,000.

With the door shut it is a simple trick to pick the ignition lock. The most effective burglar tool is the lock pick. A set of picks makes any lock in the world insecure. Lately an automatic pick has been invented that permits the most inexperienced crook to be as quick at unravelling a combination as the most skilled professional. This tool resembles a gun and it manipulates the tumblers so that they yield at the opening points. The one serious disadvantage is that the "gun," like the real weapon, makes a lot of noise and has to be muffled.

Because the most important factor in stealing a car is time, the car crook prefers to learn the combination of the lock in advance. Then with the right key, he can make off with a car in a couple of minutes.

To help him "read" a lock, he may use an ingenious machine that registers the size of each tumbler. With these tiny measurements he can then enter a locksmith's shop and get a key made to the numbers. These tools are small enough to be carried inconspicuously and can be used with small chance of detection.

Not long ago the police in New York City tracked down a gang of auto thieves who were supporting a locksmith's shop. During the day it was a legitimate business but at night it became one of the most dangerous laboratories in the world. Every method of opening locks was learned and practiced. In short order a thief could become an expert lock picker. Most of the "graduates" were taken into custody.

Common sense is one sure way to beat the auto crook. The first consideration is never to leave a car in an unguarded place. As an added precaution, install safety locks on the car doors and windows. Park the car where it can be seen. Locks won't keep the crook out so much as they will delay his work. If he feels that he may be seen before he can get the job done, he'll try some other car.

Crooks have been known to talk their way out of situations by claiming that they "made a mistake" in entering the wrong car but the risk of putting over this story makes them very anxious not to get involved.

Sued The Bear That Ruined His Crops

SARAJEVO, Jugoslavia.

JUST as Vid Filipovitch was sitting down to his coffee one morning, a neighbor arrived with bad news. A bear had been tempted by the almost-ripe ears of his cornfield and was ripping up stalks all over the place. The neighbor had caught the brute beast at it and if Filipovitch would hurry, he could see for himself.

The farmer was in a rage. If there was one crop he could raise on his small farm, it was corn. The neighbors often said that he seemed to have a magic formula for growing every ear round and full.

Filipovitch grabbed his gun and vowed he would have the marauder's pelt to compensate him for the damage done. But when the farmer got to his field, the bear had gone. The damage was considerable. What the animal had not been able to eat, he had trampled down in a playful spirit.

The Hungry Beast Refused To Get Out of the Cornfield Until the Farmer Yelled at Him.

Before Filipovitch could start on his one-man bear hunt, wiser counsels prevailed. Some one remembered the recent Jugoslavian bear-conservation law. The animals had been getting scarce and now they were, in effect, wards of the country—protected by decree. Anyone who shot a bear would be fined 1,000 dinars.

That sum was more than Filipovitch's whole crop was worth so he decided to get a permit to kill the animal. A good bear skin—and a few juicy steaks—might pay for part of the damage.

When he applied for permission at Sanki-Most, the village near his farm, he was told that he could not legally kill the bear.

Filipovitch went home and thought the matter over. Then he walked over to the cornfield to have another look at the wreckage. This time his rage boiled over. He caught the bear in the act of trampling down the rest of the field. The husky interloper refused to move until the farmer yelled at him and made threatening gestures.

The corn grower decided to act, law or no law. So he talked to a lawyer. The legal adviser studied the law protecting bears. It was air-tight.

Then he had a bright idea. Since the bear, in effect, was a ward of the country, why couldn't he be sued for damages? So formal suit was filed with the bear as defendant. The villagers thought the idea very funny, but were anxious for a test case.

The suit will be heard soon. The sheriff wonders if it will be up to him and his deputies to catch the bear.

Chemical Warfare, Trick Traps and Other Up-to-Date Gadgets Are Rapidly Replacing the Tabby and the Tom as Exterminators of Rats and Mice.

Modern Pied Pipers Getting Rough On Cats

MOST people are divided into two factions: those who like cats and those who prefer dogs. But whether you belong to the group that firmly believes cats are charming because they are independent and not man's best friend, or that cats are to be treasured because from the Siamese and the Persian to the humblest alley-cat they are all beautiful while only pure-breed canines are really handsome, probably no one will hesitate to say that felines are accomplished rat-chasers.

Wasn't Rufus, the cat in the Treasury Building in Whitehall, London, so efficient that he had his pay raised from four cents a day to six cents because he was such a grand cat? That happened in 1930 and the British Empire in that way paid homage to the sixtieth feline on its payroll. However, Rufus really was a privileged character because none of the female cats got raises at the same time.

And a recent dispatch from London announces that the British Government is going to stop allowing postmasters a shilling a week for the support of a postoffice cat. Whether this order was due to the stringencies of a war budget or whether it was because cats seemed to be slackening up in the business of rat-catching, was not mentioned in the communication.

Over in this country, cats have been on payrolls as rat-catchers in public buildings from time to time. Their pay has varied according to the price of whatever it is that cats eat in order to be on the alert.

But now a great shock has come to all cat-fanciers. Their pets are being maligned as of absolutely no use as really efficient rat-catchers. And, since science has done them out of a job, they are likely to join the great army of unemployed which includes silent screen artists, pony express riders, horses and other victims of technological unemployment.

This startling piece of information comes straight from the Government of the United States. In Philadelphia the Federal Housing Authority is about to put up a housing project which will cost $8,000,000. Before building this very expensive project, it is necessary to destroy some 10,000 rats which infest the site.

Now in order to get rid of these rats, an agency has to be called in. But, instead of furnishing cats to do this job, chemical warfare has been enlisted and the felines have been none too gently told to go chase catnip mice.

Scientific rat catching is a very specialized kind of thing. It is done with tear gas, the same kind of tear gas used in the World War. It is completely fatal to rats, who die very speedily.

Then there is also a powdered form of hydrocyanic gas, which combines fatally with the moisture in the air. And other deadly gases, which can be pumped down ratholes to catch the stay-at-homes, are also employed to make sure that the job is thorough and permanent.

The gentleman in charge of the rat ridding job for the Federal Housing Authority in Philadelphia, Mr. J. C. Kopf, has other poisons, too, at least a dozen products of chemical research, subtly designed to make death certain. He has traps, too, and a kind of large-scale flypaper with a gooey rubber coating that mires down rats by platoons and regiments.

"A cat has to eat," said Mr. Kopf. "His food will cost ten or fifteen cents a day in these times. Besides, the cats won't work. The most energetic of them do not do much more than scare the rats up to the top shelves or the hot water pipes. And don't think that a rat can not run on hot pipes. He could give lessons in that to a Hindu yogi.

"A good healthy rat is likely to sit back on his heels and say to a cat, 'Come on.' Often enough they gang up and clear their premises of cats, instead of vice versa. Worst of all, there have been actual cases where cats and rats sparred together so long that they got to be quite friendly, like opponents in the prize ring."

This recalls the famous case of the cat, Tangerine, prize tabby of Washington, D. C., who in 1924 adopted an infant mouse in order to protect the mouse after Tangerine's uncle had devoured the mouse's mother.

If anyone thinks that Mr. Kopf is not a feline-lover and therefore is prejudiced against tabbies, it is interesting to hear the opinion of Mrs. Otto Carl Bauhof, secretary of the Quaker City Cat Club.

"It is absolutely true," said Mrs. Bauhof. "I myself have two Persian cats but they would not even look at a mouse. I am certain that if they were confronted with a rat, they would faint. If you really prize your cats, however, you do not keep them because of rats or mice, but because you want their companionship. In fact, it is better to keep them away from mice and rats, since these rodents give the cats germs and fleas."

So it looks as if cats may have to be supported by private industry if they are not to starve, for the government no longer intends to put them on the payroll.

However, cats don't have such a tough time ahead of them as modern exterminating methods may make it seem. The recent increase in the number of cat shows in this country is ample proof that while the cat may be having its work of rat-catching lightened by science—with an increase of leisure—the animal is getting a tremendous hold on the human race as an amusing and companionable pet.

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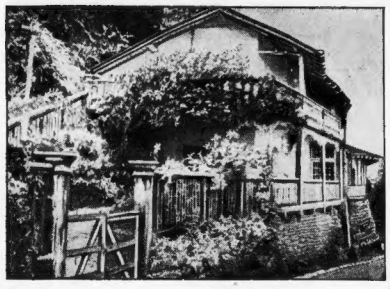
Murdered His Wife But Didn't Know It

Two Personalities Possessed Brilliant Dr. Lockhart, Lord Dawson, King George's Surgeon, Testified, So the Criminal One Could Have Deliberately Killed the Woman the Normal Man Loved and Still Believed Alive—And the Court Agreed That Is Exactly What Happened



The Lovely Home of the Lockharts, in Nottingham, England, Where the Strange Crime Was Committed.

The War's Strangest Victim. Mrs. Lockhart, Put to Sleep and Then Asphyxiated by the "Mr. Hyde" Personality of Her Husband, Which First Took Possession of Him in the World War and Then Again When War Was Declared Last September.

When the Dr. Jekyll Personality Prevailed. Dr. Lockhart and His Devoted Wife on a Holiday in the Woods. The Doctor Was Always Happy and Gay When There Was Nothing to Stir War Memories and Awaken His Other Identity.

"Your Wife Is Dead and You Are Charged With Murdering Her," the Constable Told Dr. Lockhart When He Was Revived. But He Was Normal, and Did Not Know That His Other Self, Three Days Before, Had Given a Drug to Mrs. Lockhart and Then Turned on the Gas, Intending to Die With Her.

NOTTINGHAM, England, Jan. 20.

"YOUR wife is dead and you are charged with murdering her."

Dr. Leonard Phipps Lockhart, brilliant young doctor of this city, had opened astonished eyes to find himself a patient in a hospital and a policeman sitting beside his bed. Something dreadful must have happened—his first thought was for the wife he adored, and that was the reply the policeman gave to his question.

There was no jealousy, no trouble of any sort, nothing but love between this husband and wife. It was impossible that he would have murdered the person he loved more than anyone else in the world and yet it was true.

Slowly Dr. Lockhart realized that he was a "Dr. Jekyll" in real life whose "Mr. Hyde" self had taken possession and made him do the very worst thing his normal self could have imagined.

The crime had not been committed in a state of unconsciousness but, as the jury was told at the murder trial just finished, "in a state of unknowingness, in which memory, judgment and will were absent."

Lest anyone suppose that this was just another trick by a clever lawyer to save a murderer from the noose, it should be mentioned that the highest medical authorities in England were behind that statement, including Lord Dawson of Penn, royal surgeon to the British King and Queen.

Nor should anyone planning a murder hope to escape the consequences by pretending this "Jekyll-Hyde" defense. It must be real—and in this case the judge, jury, and finally, even the prosecution decided it was real.

The tragedy happened during the night of September 1, the day on which all England knew that Germany had invaded Poland. After spending long hours as head of the town's Air Raid Precautions organization, Dr. Lockhart opened the door of his home late in the evening. From her bedroom, Mrs. Lockhart called, "Is that you, Len?" and he replied, "Yes, my love."

His next recollection, after that, is opening his eyes in the hospital. It seemed an instant later, but three days really had elapsed. The best scientific opinion of England is that immediately after answering his wife's call, the doctor's mind became dissociated, for reasons that will be explained later, and a secondary personality took complete possession.

This was not a wicked self or a good self; it was a personality that knew no more about good or evil than does a complicated machine. The secondary self had command of all the doctor's knowledge, skill and experience. It had command of the doctor's memory but could not record on that memory anything that transpired while the secondary self was in control.

The doctor probably willed, more than anything else in the world that his wife should live long and happily but that will was asleep. Most deadly of all, because it made the intruding personality less human than the most depraved criminal, in his normal state, was the fact that judgment, too, was asleep.

This invading personality had ideas, was capable of forming purposes and had every ability for carrying them out, but no way of judging whether they were good or bad.

As this stranger, clothed in her husband's flesh, entered Mrs. Lockhart's bedroom, evidently there was no outward sign that an impostor-self was looking at her through those familiar, kindly eyes. In some way, which perhaps will never be known, he persuaded the woman that she needed an injection of something in her arm. Then with all the skill he could have used, in his normal condition, the doctor first applied a tourniquet to make the veins in the arm swell.

This made easier the delicate operation of intra-venous injection, in which the needle must enter but not pass through the other side of a vein. Such an injection could not possibly have been given without the patient's co-operation by keeping perfectly still.

The drug he injected into a vein did not kill her because only enough was administered to make her unconscious of the killing which came later.

The use of an anesthetic was not necessarily due to any tenderness of the secondary self but was probably just the result of habit—since it is customary for a doctor to give an anesthetic before doing anything painful to a patient. Likewise, because of habit, he sterilized the puncture with alcohol, as carefully as though the intention had been to save a life instead of taking one.

Waiting until the anesthetic had taken effect he turned on gas in the little gas fireplace.

The purpose was to join her in death but he must have spent some time out of the gas-filled room, during which he placed the following warning in the hall:

KEEP OUT. GAS. FETCH POLICE.

Also he wrote a letter to Bartlett, his manservant, advising him that in case anything should happen to them he could take away anything in the house he liked or move in and live there if he wished.

Bartlett, arriving in the morning, found a house full of gas and two figures lying by the unlighted fireplace. Mrs. Lockhart was already cold in death and the doctor so close to it that they could not bring him back to consciousness for three days.

It seemed at first an obvious case of murder and attempted suicide or a suicide pact in which one had survived. The prisoner's statement that he had no recollection of what happened and no motive could hardly be called a defense.

But one night, in his prison cell, the doctor sobbed and carried on in his sleep so strangely that the governor of the prison was called. The secondary self had apparently realized that what he had done was a mistake which would cause the body they both inhabited to be hanged and that self now tried to help.

During sleep it managed to poke up from its own private memory, into the other self's dreaming consciousness, scattering flashes of visions. Some of these remained in his waking memory and were related in court, as follows:

"I was in a prison room, with a gas-fire, when I smelled an escape of gas which forced me to open the window. Gas? Gas? What did that mean to me? Then queer pictures formed themselves in my brain. Just as one collects together bits of a dream, I remembered and felt odd sensations. Floating around the cell was my wife's body. Everything seemed cold with a coldness that was horrifyingly vivid.

"Gas seemed to mingle with the coldness as the image of my wife's body floated down into my arms. Oh, how cold was that dear body; how limp it lay in my arms! She was helpless. Perhaps she was dead. But a part of the memory I got back was a mixed feeling of joy and horror.

"I was terrified lest mutilation should come to her and happy that she was out of the reach of such mutilation. It was then that I realized that previous experiences of my dual-controlled brain had been repeated and I trembled at the thing which I thought I had done."

Every effort was made to get the prisoner to salvage more scraps from the jungle of his subconscious mind but that was all he could ever recover. They were enough, however, to make sense to England's most eminent psychiatrists who knew Dr. Lockhart personally, and were familiar with what had happened to him as a youth in the last World War.

The foundation for the defense was laid in the doctor's own testimony recalling the days when that secondary personality was born. He said:

"Whilst serving in France in 1918, in the West Surrey Regiment, I went through long periods of trench warfare. On two occasions my whole platoon was wiped out except two of us and I was nearly a goner when I was blown sky-high by a German shell.

"I remember being placed on a stretcher and carried away by four Germans, but, after that, I can recall nothing until I was again fighting in the trenches.

"This time I was pulled out of the Hindenburg Line mud by my own commanding officer, after which my mind again went blank, although I have learned since that during that blank period my 'other self' carried on.

"They tell me that I was a hero during those days. But, if I was, then it was my abnormal self, and not my normal self that did deeds of valor."

After the war, Dr. Lockhart thought he was all right and made a most happy marriage. The first inkling that the machinery of the brain was likely to slip out of gear came when he was forced to resign two good medical positions, during the next four years, owing to what were called "memory lapses while giving anesthetics during operations."

For these lapses he was advised to give up active clinical work and go in for research. He soon became medical officer and welfare worker for one of England's largest manufacturing druggists and there were no more lapses.

"Then came the threat of war once more," the doctor testified. "My supreme disappointment was that after spending so much time in trying to create things, we were going to smash them up again."

The experts later identified this ironical feeling as a symptom that the war-born secondary self was beginning to stir and get ready for revolt. This revolt naturally climaxed on Sept. 1, the day when the last hope of peace was killed, and on that day came the final bit of evidence. The doctor had torn his radio set out of his house and brought it to an astonished neighbor, with these words:

"You can have my wireless set. I do not want to hear any more of this everlasting news of crises and fighting."

As the psychiatrists see it, this getting rid of the source of bad news was an attempt to flee from reality.

The secondary self seems to have believed the dire threats of a sky, black with bombers, that would mangle and destroy almost everybody in England. The one thing Dr. Lockhart could not bear was the thought of his wife being mutilated.

The secondary personality saw a sure way to prevent this by placing her in the safety of the grave and evidently planned to go along with her. Said Lord Dawson of Penn:

"I judge him to be suffering from dissociation between the higher levels of the brain and those below it. And when I talk of unconsciousness, I use the word in the sense of 'unknowingness' and not in the sense of coma. Actions like these take place without the person actually knowing what he is doing.

"The executive side of the mind remains in operation while knowingness and appreciation are in suspense."

Dr. A. L. Culpin, Professor of Medical Industrial Psychology at London University, testified:

"In this case the doctor would find himself intending to kill his wife without actually thinking about it.

"This dissociated personality means cutting off from control of the body of the three great functions that constitute a man: memory, judgment and will. Even a display of apparent intelligence, purpose and deliberate premeditation, in no way conflicts with the scientific view that the man who displays these qualities is not the man who should be in control of the body."

Overwhelmed by this mass of authoritative testimony and unable to refute it, the prosecution resulted, actually suggesting that the jury might exercise mercy. Its verdict was "Guilty of murder, but insane."

This was accepted by Judge Singleton who sentenced the prisoner to be held as a "criminal lunatic during the King's pleasure." This means he will be held until such time as a way has been found to suppress the good doctor's dangerous "Mr. Hyde" self.

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Georgette "Dickey" Meyer Is One of the Prettiest Flyers That Ever Climbed Into a Cockpit. She Also Is One of the Nerviest. To Find Out Whether Women Are Physically and Temperamentally Fit For the Job of Test Pilot, She Made an 8,500-Foot Dive and Hit a Speed of 410 Miles an Hour.

A 20-Year-Old Girl Dives 10,000 Feet in a Fighting Plane to Prove That Women Can Be Combat Pilots

Miss Meyer Had a Nerve-wracking Ride in This Speedy Plane. She Went Up a Couple of Miles and, on the Way Down, Probably Traveled Faster Than Any Member of Her Sex. She Believes That Women Can Handle the Speediest Planes and That, in Emergencies, They Might Even Go In for Combat in War Planes. In Coming Out of a Dive She Experienced the Unpleasant Sensation of Multiplying the Pull of Gravity Seven Times.

How It Feels To Go 7 MILES A MINUTE

By GEORGETTE "DICKEY" MEYER.

AS WE take off, I recall test pilot S. A. Converse's last words: "If I tell you to jump, go over the left side. I'll take the right. And get out in a hurry."

The roaring 850-horsepower motor lifts us up a quarter mile before I can turn my head. The fighting plane belongs to Le Roy Grumman, a designer, whose ships the Navy uses for combat flying. I feel awfully small for my 20 years and wish—just for a minute—that I was back at my stenographer's desk at an airline office in New York. But I am the guinea pig in a flying experiment. Can women become combat pilots? I say they can and there is a chorus of jeers around the Bethpage, Long Island, flying field. So it is up to me to show these hard-boiled pilots that the terrific speeds, pressures and peril of fighting maneuvers won't make a hospital case out of a girl.

The safety belt feels like an old-fashioned corset around my middle. I am wearing a helmet, goggles, flying pants, sitting on my parachute, and my ears are stuffed with cotton. Now we are two miles high and Converse begins to turn, twist and dive to find how soon the pressure will drive the blood from my eyes and I "black out"—go temporarily blind.

Acres of land whirl around one stubby wing tip like a huge phonograph record, ever faster. Stiff fingers of wind jam my shoulders into the seat back. Tiny lights shoot off the horizon.

Since I don't "black out" we go into a slow roll as a "breather." The world goes upside down. I hang by my hips on the safety belt. We roll right side up. I clap my hands, "okay" as Converse looks back and grins. There is a sickening lurch. I choke, trying to draw a breath out of the wind that cuts my face. Converse has almost taken off a wing with a "snap roll." I hit the side of the cockpit and my stomach turns over.

Now we do all the maneuvers of aerial battle. Immelman turns, chandelles, wingovers, stalls, split "s" loops and rolls. At last Converse looks back, wiggles the stick and throws up his hands. That signal means I am to pilot 4500 pounds of fighting plane. I put the ship through its paces, thrilled as I never have been before. It cuts the air like a huge knife.

Then Converse takes over. We go up to 10,000 feet. I want to yell "this is it." Now we will find out if a girl can dive seven miles a minute — and live.

I hold my breath. The engine roars. We dive for a huge circle in the airport's sod. The air-speed needle hits 315, 325. Now it is at the last figure, 375. But we are really going 410, since gravity equals air resistance. That means ten miles short of seven miles a minute. But there is no feeling of speed. I could knit if the wind wasn't so icy. The ground flies up at us.

I tense myself for the expected pull-out. But not enough. An irresistible force drives my head into my spine. My legs collapse under me. My back bores into the seat. I try to shout but my cheeks are drawn so tightly that I can't open my mouth.

At seventy miles an hour we float in to a landing. Shakily I get out, still in one piece. Everybody is amazed. Maybe I have traveled faster than any other woman.

I have proved, I think, that girls could become combat pilots. But I'm still wondering, "will they want to try it?"

PENGUIN PHOTOS

When Anyone Tells Miss Meyer That Woman's Place Is Not at the Controls of a High-Powered Plane, She Smiles — And Very Prettily. Many a Masculine Pilot Hasn't Flown as Fast as She Has.

Hollywood's Loveliest Legs?

IN THE FILES of every Hollywood Casting Director are dozens of names and pictures of girls with unusually shapely legs who are constantly on tap for movie roles.

Some stars can play a great variety of leading parts because their legs are just as beautiful. Columns and columns of type and miles of photographic plates have been used to publicize and glorify Marlene Dietrich's lower extremities as particularly fine examples of how the feminine limb should look at its best.

Directors, and particularly dancing directors, are not deceived in their quest for a pretty leg. The applicant may have a pretty face whose subtle flaws were erased with artistic make-up. But no amount of improvement on Nature can do anything with a leg that had the wrong start in life. Lovely underpinnings are no respecters of personages either, for Hollywood's best may be found on the humblest "extra" girl. But if they are, she won't remain among for long. The beauty judges see to that.

After looking over 1,000 photographs for the possessor this year of "Hollywood's Best Pair of Legs," Physical Culture Foundation selected Miss Virginia Gilmore. The two revealing poses prove that the judges were quite competent. In the same event, Miss Dietrich placed fourth.

A former department store clerk, Miss Gilmore is now headed for movie stardom under the aegis of one of Hollywood's most famous producers.

The selection and crowning of this rising young miss tells the world at large that the strong and athletic feminine leg is not tops in Hollywood. In fact, the men who direct the film classics want no Amazonian bulging muscles in their dramas of America. They like legs that are long, slender, graceful and finely sprung. Legs, say these authorities, should not be athletic but aesthetic.

When Miss Gilmore was paraded as the winner, there was no dissatisfaction with the judges' decision, for everyone felt they had chosen wisely and well.

Pedaling exercises such as Miss Gilmore is doing in the oval picture helped her to win the judges' decision. She is showing the dazzling result in the picture at the right.

Hollywood Probably Has the Greatest Number of Pretty Legs Per Square Mile of Any Community in the World — And If the Movie Capital's Experts on Such Pleasant Details Are Right, the Legs Shown Above and at the Left Are the Cream of the Crop. They Are the Property of Miss Virginia Gilmore.

ACME PHOTOS

Do Flowers Enjoy and Dislike Music?

NOT long ago a mystic with a salon in Paris was subjected to considerable public ridicule because he made the statement that flowers are as sensitive, in their way, to music as people are.

Hundreds of sarcastic "letters to the editor" flowed in to the offices of French newspapers and magazines. These letters called the mystic a crackpot and a dreamer who had no regard for scientific fact.

It turns out, however, that the man is not nearly so much of a charlatan as he seemed — because actual experiment has shown, again and again, that many flowers are sensitive to music, and react to it in much the same manner that they react to light and heat.

It is said that the first verification of the mystic's statement came from florists who were commissioned to decorate theatres and restaurants with flowers from their shops. The florists observed that some flowers in pots and boxes eventually turn their faces toward the music, and that others turn away as though they found the sounds of the orchestra unpleasant.

Some Flowers "Like" Music and Others Turn Away from the Melodic Sounds—but Scientists Doubt That This Indicates That Blossoms Have Any Ability to "Think" About Sound Waves.

This discovery led to other experiments and it was found out that rosebuds placed near an orchestra opened faster than buds of the same species further away from the music. The same thing happened when bouquets of flowers were put at various distances from radio sets.

All this, in the opinion of plant physiologists, does not prove that the mystic is right in his contention that flowers have the "mentality" and "awareness" to express their like or dislike for symphonic music and swing.

These experts have a more-or-less simple and natural explanation for the phenomenon. They believe it is merely a matter of the effect of sound waves on the living cells of the flower stems. They point out that sunflowers and other plants turn slowly toward the light and that other species of flowers do the opposite and slowly twist their faces toward the shade.

Light waves, these experts say, stimulate flowers, so why shouldn't sound waves do the same thing?

It is probable that many laboratory experiments will be made to find out more accurately just what effect various kinds of music have upon many species of flowers. These experiments undoubtedly will subject blossoms to many kinds of music played with varying degress of loudness and of pitch.

The experimenters will carry on their tests far from the constant honking of Paris' famous taxicabs and the steady rumble of the subway.

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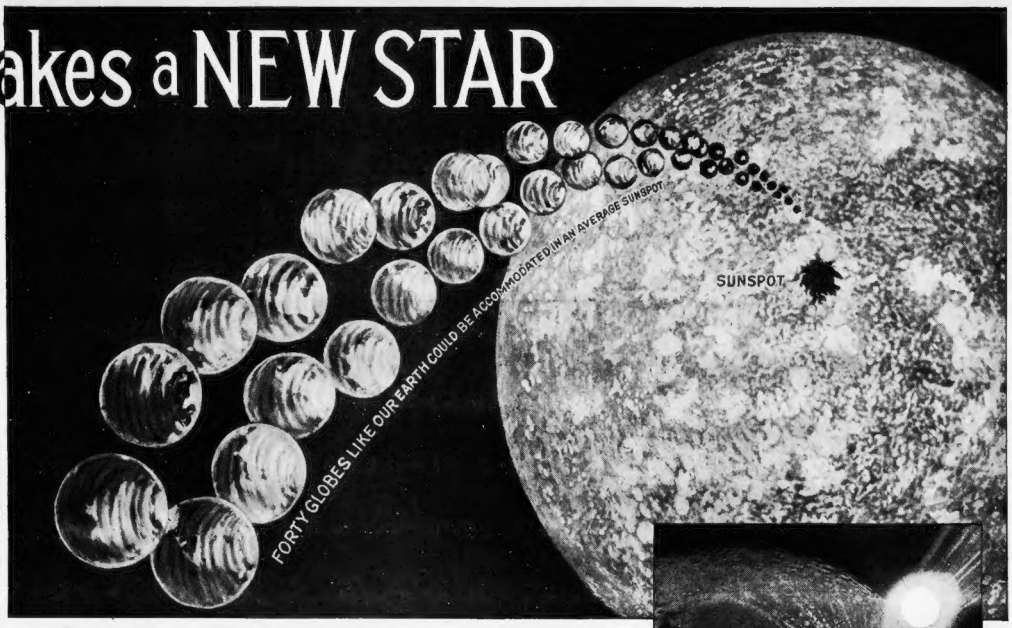
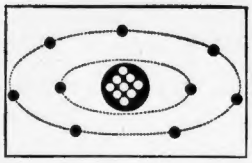
What Makes a NEW STAR

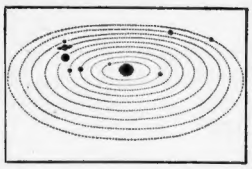
Professor Haas, Eminent Notre Dame University Physicist, Explains That It Is Not Exploding Suns But Suns That Fall in on Themselves Like a Collapsed Balloon Which Cause the "Supernovae" That Suddenly Flare Out in the Skies and One of Which the Star of Bethlehem May Have Been



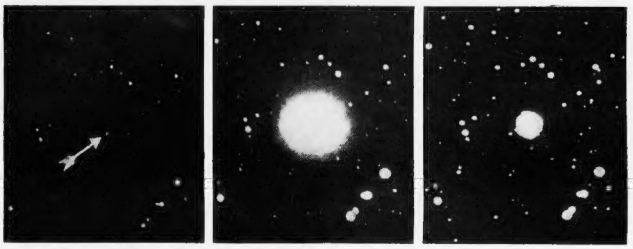
Our Sun Is So Huge That a Sunspot of the Size Shown in the Photograph Would Hold 40 of Our Earths

BUT ☞

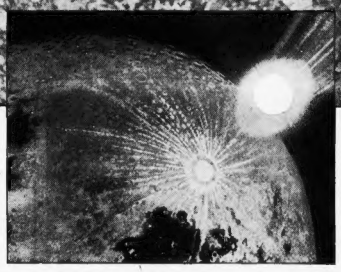




Hypothetical Arrangement of the 9 Electrons Around the Center of an Atom of the Element Fluorine; This Center Has 9 Protons, Packed Closely Together, and the 9 Electrons Are Supposed to Move in a Region Around It. In Proportion to the Size of the Center the Distance of the Outermost Electrons Is Believed to Be Even Greater Than the Farthest Planet From the Sun, Shown in the Diagram Below.



Three Photographs of Nova Pictoris as It Blazed Up in 1925. The Left Photograph Shows This Star as It Had Been Normally; the Center Photograph Shows the Enormous Outburst of Radiation Observed When, Without Warning, It Collapsed; the Third Photograph Shows the Shrinking Sun Later, on Its Way To Comparative Invisibility.



If Our Sun Should Become a "Supernova" or Supernew Star, It Would Not Increase in Size But Condense, With Every Atom Shrinking In Upon Its Center, So That It Would Be Only 100 Miles in Diameter or Just Twice the Diameter of the Moon Crater Tycho, Shown Above, Yet It Would Be So Heavy That, If Placed on the Crater, Its Attraction Would Shatter the Moon.

ONE of the major mysteries of the heavens is the sudden blazing out of a dim star into a huge beacon—or the appearance of such an orb of glory in some place where no star has been seen before. Such a star is called a nova, which means, literally, new, or a new star.

Once in several centuries, in our own galaxy, one of these new stars so far outshines all the others that it is in a class by itself—not just a nova but a supernova. But both nova and supernova are garbed in splendor only a little while and then fade drably or disappear.

One theory of what makes these new stars is that they are suns which explode and whose matter is scattered flaming over vast spaces.

But here Professor Arthur E. Haas, world-famous physicist, propounds an entirely different theory. It is that these new stars are made not by a bursting outward but by a collapse inward.

In the atomic readjustment unthinkable quantities of radiation are released and when this is done the star becomes a pigmy but an extremely heavy pigmy.

If a similar catastrophe happened to our earth it would shrink to a tiny globe about one mile in diameter, or about the size of a very small town.

If such a thing should happen to our sun it would shrink from its diameter of 864,100 miles to a scant 100 miles.

Professor Haas' story follows:

By PROFESSOR ARTHUR E. HAAS,
Professor of Physics at the University of Notre Dame

SUPPOSE a train passenger would call for four porters to carry a little toy trunk for him—say, 3 x 2 x 1 inches.

His fellow-travelers probably would laugh at him, but amusement would soon become amazement if the joint efforts of all four porters would actually prove insufficient to budge in any way the tiny trunk.

Their dumbfoundedness would probably increase if the queer fellow would then open the box and nothing would be visible inside it except a minute speck of dust, so small a thousand such specks put together would reach only the size of a pinhead.

And yet this speck of dust would prove to have a weight of about a ton.

It would, to speak of something apparently quite different, also be a very strange experience for men if our sun would increase its radiation for several months by only a few per cent, and during these months New York and Chicago would enjoy a Florida-like Winter climate.

But how would it be if the sun would temporarily increase its radiation not only by a few per cent, but raise it to millions of times its normal intensity?

There would be a catastrophe compared to which a world war would appear like children's harmless play, a catastrophe that would, of course, within a very short time exterminate not only mankind and all his creations, but the whole earth itself.

We would vainly search in chemical laboratories or in museums for a piece of a substance as dense as the speck of dust weighing a ton; and the probability that the sun's radiation would suddenly become millions of times stronger is fortunately so small that the thought of such a possibility need not spoil anyone's sleep.

But, unbelievable and fantastic as these two assumptions may appear to the layman, both things—that is—the occurrence of matter of such an enormous density and the sudden immense increase in the radiation of a star, have not only been observed, but a causal connection has even been established between the two phenomena.

The appearances of new stars in the skies are, of course, explained by the fact that a star too remote to be ordinarily seen by the naked eye might temporarily attain such visibility by an enormous increase of its radiation.

Ancient Chinese, Persian, and Greek scientists have already made careful records of observations of new stars, one of which was probably the celebrated Star of Bethlehem.

As early as 134 B. C. the appearance of a new star in the constellation Scorpio is said to have induced the great Greek astronomer Hipparchus to compile the first star catalogue. He decided to measure exactly the positions so that in times to come astronomers should be able to recognize a new star as such.

It is interesting to note that the star of Hipparchus was also recorded by Chinese astronomers of that time who scarcely had any contact with their Greek colleague.

In the ninth century, Arabian astronomers studied a bright new star which likewise appeared in the constellation, Scorpio, and disappeared after four months. In a famous Chinese encyclopaedia which was written about 1300 a considerable number of stars are already recorded.

The most famous recorded appearance of a new star occurred in the year 1572.

On November 11th of that year the leading astronomer of the time, Tycho Brahe, a Dane, perceived in the constellation of Cassiopeia a very bright star which he had never noticed before. It surpassed in brightness, the first time of its visibility, all fixed stars and even the planet Venus, and could easily be seen in the daytime.

So much was Tycho impressed by the appearance of this new star in the supposedly unchangeable firmament that he called it the greatest of all the wonders which had taken place in Nature since the beginning of the world.

A few weeks after its discovery the star of 1572 began gradually to become weaker until in March, 1574, it disappeared forever, because it was then no longer visible to the naked eye and telescopes were not yet in use.

Some other new stars were observed during the 17th century, among them one which for a year surpassed all fixed stars in brightness.

During the 18th century no new stars became visible. Only since the middle of the 19th century have new stars again been observed, some of which were visible to the unaided eye.

Many among the readers of this article will probably still remember a new star, much talked of at the time, which suddenly appeared on June 8th, 1918, and for some time exceeded the bright star Vega in brilliance.

Modern astronomical research, chiefly due to the California astronomers, Baade and Zwicky, led to a clear distinction between two entirely different types of new stars.

The overwhelming majority of the new stars show a maximum brightness which corresponds to 10,000 to 100,000 times the radiation of the sun.

New stars of this type are called novae, in the restricted sense of the word. They attain this enormous brilliance within a few days but lose the largest part of it again in a few days, and usually within a few months return to their original degree of brightness.

The second and rarer type is represented by the so-called supernovae of which about twenty have so far been observed.

For several weeks they emit a radiation which millions of times surpasses that of the sun. In 1937, for example, two supernovae, the radiations of which proved to be 500 million times as strong as that of the sun, were discovered at enormous distances.

Among the stars the outburst of a nova is a very rare phenomenon but a still rarer one is the appearance of a supernova.

We know today that in the immense star system, called the galaxy, to which our sun belongs as one among some 100,000 million members, there appear only some twenty novae each year.

If we consider the outburst of a nova as some kind of star-disease, it would be comparable, as far as the recurrence is concerned, to some human disease so rare that an average of only one human being would be afflicted every second year; for the number of stars in the galaxy is some fifty times greater than the total number of human beings on the earth.

The phenomenon of supernovae is still about one hundred times rarer.

In the whole galaxy, only once in several centuries a supernova appears.

It is, however, clear at once why novae and supernovae were observed even before the telescope was invented; the explanation is simply that in the extremely rare abnormal state a star emits immensely more light than in its ordinary state.

The enormous brightness of the supernovae is, however, not the only property of theirs which has puzzled astronomers and physicists in the highest degree.

In the last few years a second sensational peculiarity of the supernovae was established, first by Dr. Zwicky on theoretical grounds and then by the observations of the California astrophysicist, Minkowski, who discovered a change in the color of the light rays emitted by the supernovae.

Certain blue light rays which are emitted by supernovae as well as by other astronomical objects, show in the case of supernovae a noticeable shift towards the red, that is, if we think of the well-known sequence of the rainbow colors (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet), the color of the blue rays just mentioned appeared slightly changed in the direction towards the red.

Minkowski has also found that, one year after the outburst, the amount of this shift is approximately the same for all investigated supernovae, about one per cent of the total distance between red and violet.

Modern physical theories have shown how the strange findings of Minkowski are to be interpreted.

The observed shift must be a consequence of the fact that light rays in leaving a star must overcome a gravitational attraction exerted by the star and must do so in a similar manner as a projectile fired from the earth to the moon would have to overcome the attraction of the earth.

As it follows from the theory, the degree of the shift depends not only on the mass of the star but essentially on its radius. Therefore, the measurements of the shifts, in connection with other astronomical data, made it possible to determine the radii of the supernovae some time after their outburst.

The results were more than sensational; it was found that the supernovae while still emitting a weak radiation have radii of not more than about fifty miles and hence a

(Continued on Page 19)

Dore's Drawing of the Star of Bethlehem Being Followed by the Three Wise Men—This Star Is Believed by Many Astronomers to Be One of the "Supernovae."

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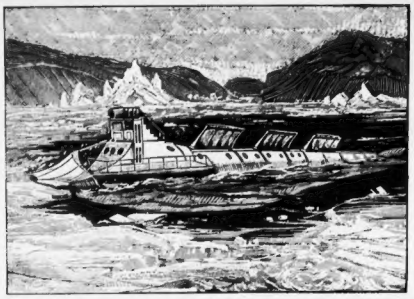
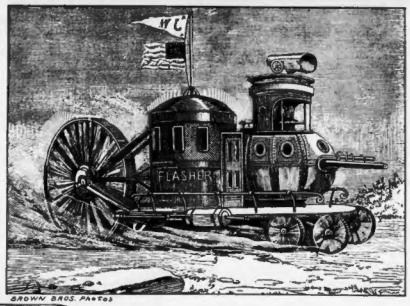
"Frank Reade Jr." Dreamed 'Em —and They Came True

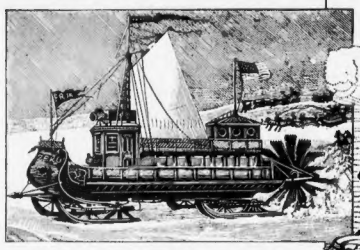


Frank Reade's Electric Submarine in Which the Author Had Him Explore the Arctic Under the Ice. Only a Few Years Ago Sir Hubert Wilkins Did That in a Modern Submarine Which Strangely Resembled the Fictional One.



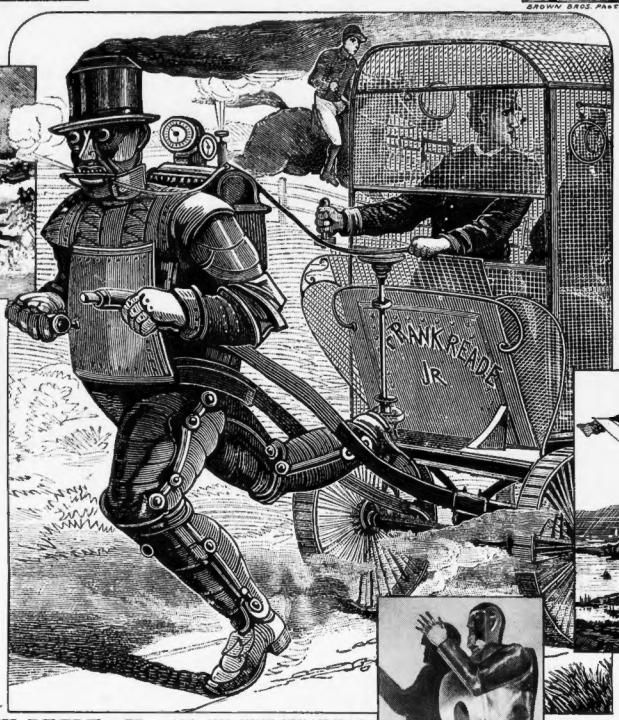
Frank Reade's "Prairie Privateer," an Imaginary Vehicle Conceived in 1893. Today's Military Tank Is Descended From It.

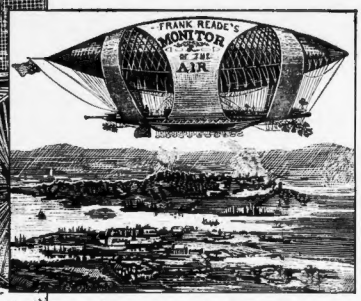
How the "Impossible" Fantastic Inventions of Luis Senarens, the American Jules Verne, Devised by His Dime Novel Hero 48 Years Ago Have Become the Tanks, Airplanes, Submarines, Robots, and Even Byrd's South Pole Snow Cruiser of Our Own Age.



Courtesy Research Foundation of Armour Institute of Technology.

Admiral Byrd's Giant Snow Cruiser Which He Will Use to Explore the South Polar Region May Logically Call the Fantastic "Snow Cutter" of the Dime Novel Hero Its Grandparent.





Although This Balloon Called the "Monitor" Was Imagined and Pictured 48 Years Ago, It Is Strangely Like the Blimps of Our Own Age.

FRANK READE, JR., AND HIS NEW STEAM MAN; OR, THE YOUNG INVENTOR'S TRIP TO THE FAR WEST.

By "NONAME."

LUIS PHILIP SENARENS, known as the "American Jules Verne," has just died at the age of 76, having lived to see most of his fiction inventions turned into reality.

As he lay dying in the King's County Hospital, Brooklyn, the Russian hordes were using an idea of his in the form of hundreds of tanks in their vain attempt to crush little Finland. But the latest miracle to come to pass was the 35-ton snow cruiser, which Rear Admiral Byrd has taken with him to explore the South Pole.

Nobody was more surprised that these paper monsters took form and substance than their original creator who never took any of his brain-children seriously, which was one of the reasons he hid behind a series of pen-names which ranged all the way from "Captain Howard" to "Noname."

This genius who didn't believe in himself began selling his stories at the age of 14 and at 16 was earning $200 a week which in those days, before everything was plastered with taxes, had a purchasing power of more than $500 today. Many big business executives at that time were not getting as much.

One of the reasons for hiding his identity from the world was his tender years. Anybody would know better than pay money to read the crazy ideas of a mere schoolboy. He hoped readers would think him a scholarly old man, though no old man could have had the elasticity of mind to jump ahead of his time and land so close to the mark, except Jules Verne himself.

Verne heard of the American author who was following so brilliantly in his footsteps and wrote a letter of encouragement, little suspecting that Mr. Noname was not a struggling young author but was getting rich hand over fist from his writing.

The great French writer who believed in his own ideas, assured the young American that his, too, were sound and some day would be justified in reality. Young Luis replied respectfully, but laughing as he wrote.

His output was just day-dreams—mechanical ghosts that could never be materialized—but he was careful not to shatter the kindly old Frenchman's illusions. It was a good thing he didn't, because he was to learn that Verne was right.

Senarens' stories however, were more than mere day-dreams. He understood the principles of what he wrote about because he studied the technical papers of the day so thoroughly that the descriptions of the engines supposed to run his iron monsters almost made sense to the electrical pioneers of the period.

He was not an inventive mechanic but a sort of mechanical prophet. Where the practical inventor was stopped dead for lack of some material, such as the filament for Edison's electric lamp, he flew over the gap on the wings of the imagination and went right on with the story, roughly mapping the road of progress into the future.

On his "snow cutter," "Zero," and his "prairie privateer," the "Flasher," was a searchlight which he said would cast a dazzling light a mile away. This gadget would be obvious equipment on anything of the kind today, but it caused more incredulous criticism than any other feature of the strange craft. Readers accepted the revolving turret, with its cannon, on the "prairie privateer," the daddy of the modern tank, because it had appeared on the Monitor during the Civil War and been adopted by the navies of the world. The steam engine was, of course, well-known, and they believed that a steam-driven vehicle could be steered, because this had been demonstrated in the slow-moving steam-roller. Whether the idea would be practical at such terrific speeds as 20 miles an hour was doubtful in many minds until the automobile came into being.

But that searchlight "insulted the reader's intelligence." Such a thing could never be possible, as they thought they knew from Uncle Sam's lighthouses. With the best of prisms and lenses, a powerful kerosene lamp was visible for many miles, but the light was so feeble that one could not even read by it 100 yards away.

Mr. Noname received scornful letters but he kept that light on his later models because just about that time it began to appear in reality on ships of the navy.

Jules Verne's most famous vision of the future was his submarine, the "Nautilus" and yet, it was under water that Verne made his strangest blunder. When Captain Nemo and his associates stepped out upon the bottom of the ocean in diving suits, supplied with compressed air tanks, remarkably close to the independent suits today that depend on oxygen tanks, they were armed with an absurdity in the form of an air gun.

An air gun, under water, would be, if anything, more useless than a powder gun, because water resistance almost instantly stops any sort of projectile in its tracks. The American "Jules Verne" also went astray, under water, but not so seriously. He imagined that a submerged submarine could guide itself at full speed by its searchlight.

Another reason that Senarens was so bashful about publicly acknowledging his brain-children was that the most popular of them appeared among the thrilling adventures of Frank Reade, Jr., and Jack Wright in the form of dime novels.

The dime novel was eagerly devoured by a large portion of the youthful, male population, to whom ten cents was a lot of money. Most boys would rather walk a couple of miles than fritter away a nickel on carfare.

An equally impressive majority of parents, teachers and other elders and betters, disapproved of this form of literature. These little books were far from immoral, in fact, virtue triumphed far more satisfactorily in them than in real life. But they certainly did cause a lot of trouble.

Many a mother or father, upon getting to the bottom of a mysterious fire in a son's bed in the middle of the night, found that the boy had tried to read one of the "wicked things" unobserved, by making a tent of the bedclothes and taking the kerosene lamp in with him. Teachers were constantly confiscating the novels during the study periods when they could be read handily behind the camouflage of a geography. There was good reason to suspect that dime novels were one of the causes for the unwelcome appearance of buttons instead of dimes in the Sunday contribution plate.

In his "greyhound of the air," Senarens seems to have missed the road toward heavier-than-air flying machines, just as did Jules Verne. Both of these prophets imagined a ship supported by a number of vertical propellers and a horizontal one to send it ahead. The American writer added a few small and very rudimentary planes sprouting from the sides of the ship.

The airplane became a practical thing only by full use of the wing-plane principle. Yet many engineers hold that the plane principle is wrong and that flying will never come into its own until the wingless helicopter has been perfected, permitting the ship to rise straight up and come straight down, instead of requiring a long landing field for the purpose as at present. That was the vision of Verne and Senarens.

Supposedly Senarens' most preposterous idea was the iron man, containing a steam engine with pistons which made his jointed, iron legs pull a wagon faster than a race horse. But present-day robots, such as the one shown on this page, bear a curious resemblance to his steam man.

It was the sight of a steam-driven iron automaton at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, which so fired the boy's imagination as to set him on his writing career.

Luis was born in Brooklyn, where his father, a tobacco merchant, had moved from Cuba. For his first story about that iron man, Frank Tousey, New York publisher, paid him $150, laboring under the delusion that he was dealing with an elderly savant who did not want his colleagues to know that he had stooped to anything so frivolous as adventure fiction.

After that there was no stopping Luis, and it wasn't long before he was turning out stories as fast as Tousey could publish them.

Terrific though the temptation was to keep working this gold mine for all it was worth, he and his parents had the sense to resist it and, though he did not stop writing by any means he took out enough time to complete his education, graduating from St. John's College of Arts and Sciences at the age of 23.

For four years he kept selling stories to the deluded Tousey, but finally came the evil day when he could no longer keep from meeting his publisher and revealing the shameful secret of his youth.

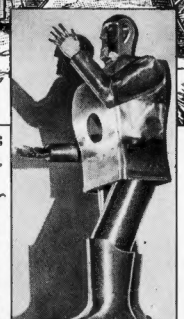
It was forgiven, and at the age of 30 he became editor of the Tousey Company. Between 1892 and 1898 he ripped off 186 different titles.

In spite of teachers and parents, the harvest of "misspent dimes" continued to come jingling in until 1910, when they began to be deflected by an invention which he had not foreseen. The movies diverted so many dimes that the dime novel was doomed.

It did not hurt Senarens' fortunes much because he lost little time in transferring his talents to the pulp magazines. In these he continued to make big money until 1923, when failing health finally stopped one of the most prolific verbal machine guns the world had ever known.

In that time he had seen published more than 40,000,000 paid words, 1,500 different titles, many of them of full book-length. He used 27 different pseudonyms, the best-known of which are Captain Howard, Noname, W. J. Earle, Ned Sparling and Kit Clyde.

How much he earned in that long and active life has not been estimated by his widow, Mrs. Mary Vaughan Senarens, but it must have been plenty, nor has the amount of his estate been given out yet. It was not his high-pressure mind that finally gave out but his heart.

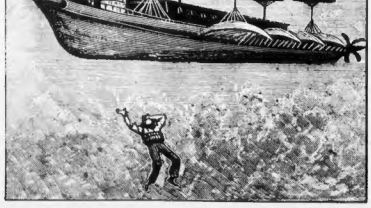


WIDE WORLD

Most Spectacular of Frank Reade's Machines Was His Steel Man, a Creation of 1892. Today's Electric and Radio Robots That Walk, Talk and Do Other Tricks Bear a Strange Resemblance to Him.

Frank Reade, Jr., And His Greyhound of the Air or, The Search for a Mountain of Gold.

By "NONAME."



Our Ultra Modern Luxury Airliners Use a Different Principle Than This Greyhound of the Air in Which Frank Reade, Jr., Sought a Mountain of Gold, But the American Jules Verne Visioned in This Conception the Comforts of Air Travel, While Favoring the Helicopter Method of Support.

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Cleopatra and Caesarion, Her Son by Julius Caesar, Shown on a Temple Sculpture at Denderah, Egypt — the Only Known Authentic Portraits of Either.

The "Love Nest" Caesar Built in Rome for Cleopatra

Archeologists Turn Up the Luxurious and Expensive Villa in Which He Installed the Famed Egyptian Queen, but He Had to Do It Outside the City Because the Moral Roman Matrons Objected to Such Goings-on

Bust of Julius Caesar Made When His Romance With Cleopatra Was at Its Height.

The "Love-Nest" Was Elaborately Decorated with Frescoes of Cupid — the Son of the Goddess, Venus, One of Whose Descendants Julius Caesar Was Supposed to Be — in Poses Similar to the One Above from a Pompeiian Villa of the Same Day.

The First Meeting of Cleopatra and Julius Caesar. She Had Herself Brought In to Him, Wrapped Inside a Rug, Out of Which She Was Rolled, to Stand Suddenly Before the Conqueror.

From the Famous Painting by Artist Jean Leon Gerome.

NAPLES NATIONAL MUSEUM

Mythological Subjects Such as This of a Nymph and Centaur from Herculaneum Adorned the "Love Nest."

ROME, Jan. 22.

ONE of the most interesting archeological discoveries of recent years is that of the villa in which Julius Caesar kept the immortal Cleopatra in Rome from 46 to 44 B.C.

The works of art, frescoes and other objects dug up prove that every American spendthrift was a piker compared to Caesar. Cleopatra herself was fabulously wealthy and it was only by giving her a house of incomparable luxury and beauty that Caesar could show his admiration for her.

Many Americans are probably not aware that Caesar lived with Cleopatra for two years in Rome. He had completed his conquest of Asia Minor and the civilized parts of Africa and made himself master of the Roman world. He had established Cleopatra firmly on the throne of Egypt from which she had been driven by her brother and sister.

At the same time he had become smitten with the glamorous Queen, which was not surprising, as the records say she was the most alluring woman who ever lived. Caesar had always been very susceptible to the charms of women and had shown remarkable generosity to them. He married Cleopatra in Egypt by some strange Oriental ceremony, but this was not regarded in Rome as a legal marriage. This ceremony was blessed by a little son who received the name Caesarion.

Old Print of an Ancient Roman Villa on the Tiber in the Neighborhood of Cleopatra's.

When Caesar had settled the affairs of Asia Minor and Africa he returned to Rome to enjoy his position as Dictator or Imperator. He soon sent for Cleopatra and son Caesarion. He established her in a villa situated in his vast gardens, "the transtiberini horti," on the banks of the Tiber, on the opposite side of the river from the Capitol and about a mile from the walls of Rome.

He employed the most famous architects and artists in the world to make her villa delightful. Cleopatra was the representative of Venus in Egypt—she was worshiped under the title Iris-Aphrodite, Venus, according to legend, was born of the sea. Hence the decorations of the villa consisted mostly of episodes in the life of Venus and the wonders of the sea. Caesar was also supposed to be descended from Venus and this fact helped to make them happy.

The imperial splendor in which Caesar maintained Cleopatra caused great indignation among many of the old Roman families. The stern old Roman virtues were by no means extinct, although they were rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The conservative families were shocked that the head of the Roman state should be maintaining an "eastern woman," as they considered Cleopatra, as though she were a Queen.

Cato, the great Stoic philosopher, had just committed suicide because he realized that the days of the Roman republic were over. Cicero wrote that he detested Cleopatra. But Caesar was immensely popular with the lower classes and everything he did suited them perfectly. Many of them were foreigners and they were pleased to know that their hero was amusing himself with a girl from Africa.

Caesar showed a certain amount of discretion in establishing his love nest. It was not under the eye of the Senators and the priests of the old Roman religion, but a short walk would take one there.

The Imperator had a legal wife, Calpurnia, a lady belonging to one of the best patrician families of Rome. Of course it was an insult to her for Caesar to maintain a woman so near her and in such a conspicuous manner. The insult was aggravated by the reports that Caesar intended to divorce Calpurnia and marry Cleopatra, by Roman rites and make Caesarion heir to the Roman Empire.

Caesar was usually polite and considerate and he spent some part of nearly every day with Calpurnia in their majestic palace on the Capitoline Hill. But he spent all the time he could with Cleopatra in their love nest by the Tiber.

Sometimes in the evening he would say to Calpurnia: "My dear, I think I will take a little air on the hill." That was the last she would see of him until the next day.

Cleopatra's villa, according to the custom of the time, consisted of a series of courtyards with rooms grouped around them. The principal courtyard had a great fountain in the centre and around it were the rooms where Caesar and Cleopatra dined and enjoyed themselves. According to all accounts she was wonderfully entertaining.

Caesar and Cleopatra, with such guests as they chose to invite, reclined on couches in one of the rooms and enjoyed all the delights of Roman life without restraint.

No doubt they quaffed large quantities of Chian and Falernian wine, while maidens clad in gossamer played for them on the lyre. But it was Cleopatra who furnished most of the entertainment for Caesar. She regarded him as her hero, her god, and there was nothing she would not do for him.

The walls of the love nest were covered with frescoes in which gayly decorated boats sailed seas filled with dolphins, octopi and other sea life. With these scenes were mingled episodes from the life of Venus, showing her rising from the sea and receiving the worship of mankind in many parts of the world.

Some remarkable banquets were given here by Caesar for the benefit of Cleopatra and their intimate friends. At these banquets the guests reclined around the tables, three on a couch, leaning on cushions with the left arm and feeding themselves with the fingers of the right hand.

They could have just as well sat at the tables in chairs, for they had very fine ones, but they preferred not to do so. The secret of this ancient practice seems to be that when reclining they were in less danger of falling heavily on the floor and could take a nap if so inclined.

When the guests were tired of feasting they could step out into the courtyard and cool themselves or take a dip in the pool.

The great courtyard was called the atrium. The dining rooms were called the triclinia. Beyond them were the two alae, or wings, where an aristocratic master kept the statues or masks of his ancestors. The life of Venus and the sea was continued in the decoration of these sacred regions.

There were also the private apartments where Caesar and Cleopatra could retire. Beyond these apartments was the peristylium, a garden court like the small cloister of a monastery, pillared around the sides and open in the middle. Beautiful flowers grew here in abundance, while the dolphins and octopi and mermaids gamboled on the walls.

NAPLES NATIONAL MUSEUM

Curiously Modern Wall Decoration of Colored Tiles from Pompeii; The Cleopatra Villa Has Many Exquisite Similar Examples Well Preserved.

There was a magnificent equipment of baths with hot and cold water always flowing.

The coloring of the walls was very brilliant and could not have been surpassed in this respect by any modernist. The walls were glazed and washable, a conveniently hygienic form of construction.

There was a temple of Venus, or Isis-Aphrodite, where Cleopatra could enjoy the worship to which she had been accustomed, served by her own priests.

Remnants of glassware and pottery lamps were found with figurines of the Goddess of Fortune and her symbolic cornucopia.

Living around the villa were many of the foreign inhabitants of Rome, consisting largely of Egyptians, Greeks and Syrians. Among these Caesar no doubt thought that Cleopatra would feel more at home.

Caesar devised many wonderful pageants for the entertainment of Cleopatra. Among these may be counted the "triumph" which he organized in celebration of his victories. It was indeed customary for Roman conquerors to hold such triumphs, but Caesar added some little touches to this one for Cleopatra's benefit.

The triumph was held in August and lasted four days. Upon the first day Caesar passed through the streets of Rome in the role of conqueror of Gaul. When darkness had fallen, he ascended the Capitol by torchlight, forty elephants carrying numerous torchbearers to right and left of his chariot.

The unfortunate Gallic leader and hero, Vercingetorix, who had been held prisoner for six miserable years, was executed at the conclusion of this impressive parade—an act of cold-blooded cruelty to a brave foe who had surrendered to Caesar to save his countrymen from further punishment. However, executions were a customary feature of a triumph.

Upon the second day the conquest of the Dictator's Egyptian enemies was celebrated, and Cleopatra's sister, the Princess Arsinoe, was led through the streets in chains together with Ganymedes, her faithful lieutenant and harem-guardian. He was executed at the conclusion of the triumph while Arsinoe was spared as a compliment to Cleopatra's royal house.

As Arsinoe had tried to dethrone Cleopatra and would probably have executed her if she had succeeded, it is not surprising that Caesar's little friend derived pleasure from the sight of her sister's degradation.

In this procession a statue representing the famous old Nilus, or Father Nile, and a model of the Pharos of Alexandria, one of the seven wonders of the world, reminded the populace of the importance of the country now under Roman protection.

African animals strange to Rome, such as the giraffe and the bongo, were led along in the procession, and other wonders from Egypt and Africa were displayed.

On the third day the conquest of Pontus was represented, and a large tablet bearing the famous words, "Veni, Vidi, Vici" painted upon it was carried before the conqueror.

Finally on the fourth day the victories in North Africa were celebrated. In this last procession grave offense was given to the conservative Roman element, when it was seen that vulgar caricatures of the philosopher Cato and other of Caesar's personal enemies were displayed.

Towards the end of September in the same year, Caesar paid a still more wonderful compliment to Cleopatra. He consecrated a magnificent temple in honor of Venus Genitrix, his divine ancestress. There, in the splendor of its marble sanctuary, he placed a statue of Cleopatra, which had been executed during the previous weeks by the famous Roman sculptor, Archesilaus.

"The significance of this act has been overlooked by modern historians," says Dr. Weigall, late Inspector General of Egyptian Antiquities. "In placing in this shrine of Venus, at the time of its inauguration, a figure of the Queen of Egypt, who in her own country, was the representative of Isis-

(Continued on Page 20)

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SEE YOUR LOCAL CHEVROLET DEALER *FIRST!*

Poor Cupid Has Been Kicked About Like a Football Ever Since He Brought Baba and Bob Together. His Worst Trouble Is Keeping Them That Way, But They're Like Magnetic Mines—They Attract Each Other and Then Explode on Contact.

Princess Baba's Bruised Little Cupid

Always a Title as Well as Trouble in the Family. When Baba Lost Her Status as a Princess, Bob Won a Wrestling Championship, But It Didn't Win Over the Rajah.

Maybe He Thought It Was a Good Joke When He Fastened the Golden Fetters on the Rajah of Sarawak's Youngest Daughter and a Wrestler—But Now It Looks as Though the Joke Is All on Him

Bewildered Baba—Who Wants to Return to Bob—But Not Until He Goes to England After Her. He Says He Will Get a Divorce, Even Though He Still Loves Her.

THE industrious little Cupid who wrapped the golden chains of love around Princess Baba of Sarawak, and Wrestler Bob Gregory, has taken an awful beating ever since he magnetized their hearts. Their hearts are still magnetized, but they behave like German magnetic mines when they come in contact. They are always drifting together, but always there is an explosion when they meet that breaks them in pieces again.

As the not-so-innocent bystander, the meddlesome little God of Love usually gets the worst of it. He has become something of a football, and is being kicked around accordingly.

The Princess Baba of Sarawak is the youngest of three pretty daughters of the World's Only White Rajah. When a few years ago she married Mr. Gregory, the wrestler, she lost her title and her allowance.

Inspired by love, Wrestler Gregory vowed that he would make both these up to her, but every time he seems on the verge of making her happy both their hearts begin misbehaving like the German magnetic mines—and now after a brief separation there comes word from California of an impending divorce.

Wrestler Gregory wrestled so well that he earned money enough to replace in his wife's budget the lost allowance. He even won a title, Light Heavyweight Champion of America, something no Englishman ever achieved before.

But alas, the title of Mrs. Light Heavyweight Champion did not carry much social prestige.

Bob Gregory's royal father-in-law, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, disapproved of a ringside life for his daughter. To appease him, the wrestler, after winning the championship crown in his class, announced that he would retire from the mat and become an importer of liquor. This seemed like a highly respectable idea to both Mr. and Mrs. Gregory because some of England's oldest and proudest families are brewers and distillers.

Instead of being delighted when Baba informed her father of the great sacrifice, he is reported to have replied:

"If your husband is going to handle rum, you will doubtless be called 'Princess Baba au Rhum'. It is all right for a dessert to be named after a Princess but for a Princess to be named after a dessert would be somewhat declasse."

As newlyweds, the pair had an even greater scheme to place themselves on such an exalted plane that only Kings and Emperors could high-hat them. The idea was to buy a large island as near as possible to Sarawak, which is a part of the Island of Borneo, south of the Philippines, and make Mr. Gregory a rajah. This would give Rajah Robert equal ranking with his father-in-law, and Mrs. Gregory, as Ranee, would be equal to her mother to say nothing of being superior even to her oldest sister, Lenora, the "Princess Gold," who did very nicely by wedding the late Lord Inchcape and staying married until he died.

Princess Pearl, Baba's Sister, Who Married a Band Leader and Managed to Retain Her Title and Parental Favor, Too.

Of course, she would be even further above the second older sister, "Princess Pearl," who married Harry Roy, a very popular bandmaster, but a commoner. Unfortunately, nobody with real money seemed eager to finance the island scheme and all sizeable islands are owned by governments which are always painfully conservative about parting with real estate.

Bob blames an error of judgment on his part for the present estrangement from his Princess. With his lovely wife at the ringside, he had pinned husky shoulders to the mat all the way up and down the Pacific Coast. He says they were divinely happy in each other's love, except that once in a while he saw the ex-Princess reading the foreign society news with a wistful look.

Something ought to be done about that look and, as an Englishman, he thought he knew just what was needed.

He had transplanted Baba, whose real name is Valerie, from her English atmosphere and high society friends to a distant and different environment, which naturally caused periods of homesickness. Every year England sends out thousands of men to far corners of the world and when their wives develop those symptoms of nostalgia, the remedy is to send them all the way back to England for a long visit.

Bob had fallen so in love with the California climate that he felt sure his wife, after a sojourn with exalted friends in England, would be only too glad to come back to the simpler American life. And then there was the old adage:

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Strangely enough, the homesick Baba, argued against the idea, with vague premonitions that it was a mistake and when they parted at the railroad station, he says, she was in tears. In his own words, this is what Gregory says happened:

"There was no change in her attitude when she first reached England. I had some wonderful letters declaring her love. In one she said, 'This is terrible. Am living only for the time when I can get back.'

"And very soon, she wrote that she was ready to return. She had seen her parents and sisters and that was enough. Her mother booked passage for her and I was very happy because everything was turning out even better than I had hoped.

"When at the last moment Valerie cabled me that she hadn't been able to get ready in time to catch the boat, I was not worried. But she did not take the next one either and a wavering note crept into her letters.

"Four times in all she set a date for sailing only to change her mind. Her last word on the subject was that she would really and truly come back provided I would meet her at Southampton.

"It would be worth going all the way to England to get my wife back but I have no assurance that she would not change her mind again, even if I did. One of her last letters informs me that she is now 'having a glorious time'.

"Of course something has happened, in fact a lot of things. One, I understand, is that her hoity-toity friends have condescended to lower their noses, now that I am not around. Another is that Sir Charles restored her allowance but, with the understanding that it would be cut off again, if she should return to me. The last straw was the war. I think she was swept off her feet by the glamour of uniforms and the war fever.

"I went through a miserable few months while she was changing her mind from one week to the next. While she was away I had determined to get on my feet and intended to do so without any help from her family. I wanted to be able to support her in the manner to which she had been accustomed.

"I even put down a deposit on a home and she planned to ship her furniture here.

"I did everything I could to get her back, but the worry and uncertainty of her plans left me in a terrible state. Every place I looked I saw her picture or something that reminded me of her.

I dropped from 180 to 150 pounds in weight in a few weeks. I began losing matches that I should have won. I soon saw that situation couldn't go on.

"Then I learned indirectly that Valerie had said she intended to remain in England until after the war. I feel that there is no sense in being married if I can't have a home. I want to stay here and I'm lonely. I couldn't want anything more than to have her with me, but since she doesn't want to return there is nothing I can do but take steps for a divorce.

"It was tough at first, but I am over it now. She can go her way and I'll go mine. I only want her to be happy. I don't intend to sit at home and twiddle my thumbs and pine away. I have met some very nice people, very nice, but it will take time to find someone who will come up to Valerie.

"I don't want to become entangled in any romances until I have my divorce and that's one reason why I feel I'm only being fair to myself in taking the steps I plan to obtain a legal separation.

"In some of her letters, written after the war started, were hints that I should join up. I am a British subject, willing to do my bit, and went to the British Consul here offering my services. I was told that England had all the man-power it wanted at present and that I would be called upon when needed. This I explained to my wife but I think she wants me to be in the service anyhow."

Mr. Gregory now realizes that another old adage, "Out of sight—out of mind," also applies to love, and perhaps with special force, in the case of a handsome, strong man whose physical magnetism cannot work across an ocean and a continent.

Mrs. Valerie Gregory is living in a small London apartment, quite near the home of her more prosperous sister, Mrs. Harry Roy, but in a less fashionable neighborhood. There she gave a correspondent of The American Weekly a somewhat different version of the estrangement for which she says there is only one real cause.

"I feel it my duty to remain in England and do what I can to help until the end of the war but my husband insists that I join him in America immediately," she said.

"I expect to begin canteen work for the soldiers at London railway stations in a few days. However, I agreed to return to America with him, if he would come to Southampton and get me.

"He ignored the proposition and stopped answering my letters, so that I do not know if he is still in Hollywood or where.

"Only from newspaper sources have I heard that he contemplates divorce on the ground of desertion. Another thing I am in ignorance about whether or not he has taken out American citizenship papers. Therefore, I don't know if they would let me into America right now because my legal term of residence in the United States has expired. I hope he will read this and that it will make him write me."

Apparently they still love each other but have achieved an almost perfect state of misunderstanding. He wants her but won't come and get her. She wants him but won't return unless he does. Meanwhile, he pines away, brooding over this unhappy situation, and thinks the only answer is the divorce he says he doesn't want.

There is adventurous blood in the daughters, or the Brooke family would never have become Rajahs. In 1884, Baba's great-grand uncle, Sir James Brooke, the historical Rajah Brooke, put to sea in an armed yacht and thought the wild coast of the big island of Borneo might be a nice place to visit. He found the Rajah Muda Hassim between the devil and the deep blue sea, with headhunters besieging him on the land and his coast infested by Malay and Dyak pirates. With his yacht's cannon, Sir James sank the pirates and then the muskets of his disciplined crew discouraged the national pastime of head-hunting.

For this the Sultan of Brunei made Brooke the Rajah of the province of Sarawak. But, in 1857, a horde of Chinese in junks took his capital, Kuching, by surprise, forcing Sir James to flee to the jungle for his life. Before the natives got up courage to add his head to their collection, Sir Charles Johnson Brooke, a nephew, persuaded the Malays and Dyaks that it would be a good idea to help him chase the Chinese out. At Sir James' death, the nephew inherited the dangerous throne. From 1888, it has been a British protectorate, safe from sea marauders.

Nevertheless, a handful of white men had to make half a million savage natives behave themselves and the only way was to set them an example. For this reason the present Rajah, his family and every other white person must at all times exhibit the most Puritanical self-restraint, though every year most of them go back to England "to rest their morals" for a while.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

Laughing Girl

By George F. Worts

Peter, Leaving the Note He Had Written to Sandra, Tiptoed Out of Her Room Without Waking Her.

"THIS marriage doesn't mean anything, darling. I'll get out of it as soon as I decently can." This is what Peter Storm heard Sandra Page, his bride of a few hours, phoning to another man with assurances of her love after they had arrived at Kingman, Arizona, following startling episodes.

Early in the evening Peter had discovered Sandra rifling his bags in his hotel room at Las Vegas, Nevada, seeking the formula for loganite, a metal stronger than steel and lighter than aluminum, invaluable for war and industrial uses and worth millions. After threatening Peter with a pistol, Sandra, convinced he didn't have the formula, proposed to work with him. "Whichever gets it first, can have it," she said, "if he can hold onto it."

The formula had vanished when an explosion wrecked the Logan laboratory, killing Hilary Logan, its owner, and presumably killing Simon Ketzler, his assistant. Peter had arranged for royalties to be paid on loganite by his company, Allied Metals Corporation, but now he was at sea. He accepted Sandra's offer to cooperate though she told him she was Logan's niece and heir which he knew was a lie. She attracted and fascinated him though he was aware she'd double cross him at the first chance. What he didn't know was that she had been sent out by Brook Van Pell, New York lawyer, in love with her, to watch Scott Higgins, alias Prof. John Medkin, commissioned by him to get the formula but whom he didn't trust. The fact that Van Pell was scheming to sell the process to the highest foreign bidder he had carefully concealed from Sandra. He did not know, nor did Peter and Sandra, that a Count Beretti was on a liner, New York bound, to buy from Higgins the valuable formula.

Motoring Sandra to the explosion scene Peter saw the supposedly dead Ketzler scuttling away in the shadows. Then Medkin greeted them and also mysteriously vanished. Peter and Sandra pursued Ketzler, certain he had the formula and had blown up the laboratory to get it. Inquiry revealed that Medkin, too, was on Ketzler's trail. Peter felt Sandra was working with Medkin and resolved to drop her at Kingman. "I'll not lie to you. I'll not double cross you," she cried, but he persisted. However, when held up for speeding he offered Sandra $10,000 to help him out. She laughed at him. The judge he faced had read of sensational episodes in his life that made him out a rich playboy and told him he would prefer charges against him under the Mann Act, and Sandra too. She was horrified, bitterly denounced Peter and declared the news would crush her father, a minister. A police sergeant suggested marriage as the one way for them to escape unfavorable publicity. In desperation Sandra agreed. The judge thereupon married them and they resumed the chase only to find Ketzler lying murdered by his car, his belongings ransacked and a watch missing from a chain that Peter recognized as Logan's.

At this point, Peter spied Medkin who shot at and wounded him and fled. Sandra bandaged his wound and they arrived at Kingman convinced Medkin had stolen the watch and that it contained the formula. It was then that Peter, making plans to catch Medkin by plane, overheard Sandra phoning. "Two things interest me very much," he said to her. "The first is I've been right all along. You've been working with Scott Higgins, alias Medkin, the other is you don't tell lies to the man you love. Who is this fellow?"

And Now Go On With the Story.

CHAPTER X.

SANDRA faced Peter with a gleam in her eyes when he demanded the name of the man she was in love with. "I won't tell you," she said.

"You're not representing any War Office or anything like it. You were lying about that, too," he accused her.

"I'm afraid," she said wearily. "I'm just an all 'round liar."

"Is it a gang?"

She half-closed her eyes. "Certainly. I'm a moll."

"You're a reporter."

"Is there," she said with quick defiance, "anything shameful about that?"

"You are," he said, "the most amazing, the most contradictory girl I ever knew. You're beautiful. You have the sweetest voice I ever heard. You have the air of being the most sincere, most direct person that ever lived. You fairly reek of decency and honesty and the right kind of upbringing. Yet you're as bold as a tabloid photographer, you're as dispassionate as a judge passing sentence on a chicken thief, you're as sly as a coyote, you're as unscrupulous as a Japanese spy, you're as untruthful as a German propagandist... and all the time, damn you, you look as if a West Indian disquiri wouldn't melt in your mouth! How did you get this way?"

Her mouth was demure. "I fell in with the wrong kind of people when I was five."

"What paper are you on?"

"I'm not on any. I've been on most of the New York papers. I even covered some of the trial of your mistress, Carol Dunbar, for a Brooklyn daily."

Peter said quietly: "Please don't make that mistake again. She is not my mistress. She never was my mistress."

Sandra lifted her hands and waggled her fingers at him. "Please, Storm, please. I'm sorry. But you do get yourself into such awful messes. Just consider how this one will look in today's papers. Millionaire boy friend of Carol Dunbar, who was acquitted of murdering Max Pendleton, theatrical producer, weds New York newswoman! Glamour Gal Lynne Van Pell furious over broken engagement to Park Avenue playboy! Threatens reprisal! Grace Thorpe, Reno divorcee, indignantly insists Storm promised to marry her! Newlyweds now involved in desert mystery murder!" She looked at him wonderingly. "Storm, how do you do it?"

Peter was careful not to betray the anger he felt. He said, "Please, Mrs. Storm. I try my best not to be conspicuous."

Sandra waved her hand airily. "And you aren't any more conspicuous than a headless body walking along Broadway."

He looked at her a moment, with his head forward, his jaw forward, his fists clenched. She seemed suddenly aware of his menacing attitude. She took a step back and stared.

Then she began to laugh. Not hysterically or with the slightest strain. It was laughter from a gay, free soul. "Storm," she said, "you look like a Roman gladiator. All you need is a lion."

"And you," he said, "would make a wonderful Christian slave if I only had some oil to make a wick of you."

"I'm going to take a shower," she said. "And I'm trusting to your honor that you won't give me grounds for a case of desertion while I'm doing it."

He grinned at her and went into his room. He waited until he heard the soft roar of the shower. He picked up the telephone and, when the desk clerk answered, said: "Put a stop on this phone, also the phone in 205."

The desk clerk said discreetly, "I understand, Mr. Storm."

"Do you?" Peter said. "When word comes from the airport that a plane can get through, don't telephone but send a bellboy to 204 with the message written. The door will be ajar. He is to walk in and give me the message and say nothing. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Storm is very tired and I don't want her disturbed."

He hung up the phone. The sound of the shower stopped presently. A few minutes later, his wife came out. She came to the doorway of his room. She wore a sapphire-blue terry-cloth bathrobe over white satin pajamas, and sapphire-blue terry-cloth mules with high heels. Her face was fresh and pink from the shower and her eyes were glowing.

"If you use that shower," she said, "watch out for the upper part of the spray. There's one jet with a diabolical sense of humor. First it shot me in the eye, then it soaked my hair."

He said lazily: "I married you because I knew you'd mother me."

She was gazing at him thoughtfully, with a faint line between her remarkably clear blue eyes. There was laughter all about her mouth, although she wasn't smiling.

"Don't waste any thoughts on me, Storm. I'm not worth it."

He looked at her steadily a moment longer, and said, "Go to the devil."

She seemed surprised, then she laughed softly and said: "In your strange way, you're all right. Good night."

She went into her room. Peter lifted to the bed the two suitcases in which someone at the hotel in Las Vegas had packed his things. He opened them and listened. He heard Sandra getting into bed, and he heard her sigh of content as she stretched out in it.

HE LOOKED out and saw a portion of Kingman over rooftops and a portion of sky pale with dawn. The sandstorm had blown itself out. The air was still. He glanced at his watch. It was 4:45. He felt uneasy. If word did not come from the Boulder airport by six, he would drive to Phoenix and charter a plane there. He did not want to be here when the police decided they wanted to question him about the man in the maroon coupe.

He took one of the suitcases into the bathroom and shaved and showered. He removed the bandage and examined, in the mirror, the wound made by Scott Higgins' bullet. It was about four inches long and shallow. It didn't amount to anything. He cleaned it with absorbent cotton soaked in witch hazel. He put on fresh clothing, then went out and waited for the bellboy.

The shower had awakened him, but it had also relaxed him. He wanted to lie down, but he dared not even sit down. His eyes had a dry, burning feeling, and his bones ached for sleep. He recalled that he had had no dinner. He was past hunger. There was only a great emptiness and a dull demand.

He wanted a cigarette. "When I'm dying, I hope there'll be cigarettes handy."

He picked up the pack on the dresser. It was empty. He looked quickly through his pockets. He looked frantically through his suitcases. He was out of cigarettes. He was tempted to go into the girl's room, but he did not want to waken her.

He went back to the window and watched the coming of the desert morning. He felt grouchy. No dinner. No cigarettes. A nasty new crop of publicity blooming all over the front pages. Possible involvement in a desert murder case. And, asleep in the next room, a girl he was crazy about, who, if he came within ten inches of her, would hit him with the first thing she could lay her hands on.

He looked at his watch. 5:30.

His unhappy thoughts drifted to Lynne Van Pell. Her sultry dark eyes. Her thin vital figure. Her arrogance. Her selfishness. Her cruelty. Her passionate tempers.

What would Lynne do when he reached New York? She might do anything. She was absolutely unpredictable. He had drifted into a relationship there that was hard to understand now. Parties and openings and prizefights and night spots.

But there hadn't been anything definite. There had been no crossing of a definite line. There had even been none of what was once called "an understanding." Lynne had confiscated him for herself as greedily as she confiscated anything she wanted.

Except for a tracery of wine-red clouds low on the western horizon, the sky was a clear green-blue which deepened to a soft robin's egg blue as brightness increased. The first flat clear rays of the sun were fingering the tops of the taller buildings when the bellboy knocked. It was getting close to six.

Peter, with a finger at his lips, let him in and took the slip of yellow paper and the telegram out of his hand.

He read the message:

"Mr. Storm: Boulder City airport just phoned. Weather is now all clear to Albuquerque. Plane is leaving at once for Kingman airport and should be there before you are."

He opened the telegram and read:

IS THERE ANY TRUTH IN THIS ABSURD RUMOR THAT YOU HAVE JUST BEEN MARRIED? I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT. TELEPHONE ME AT ONCE. I ADORE YOU. LYNNE.

Peter pointed to his two suitcases and whispered: "Put these in my car. Can you go to the airport with me and drive my car back?"

"Yes, sir."

When the boy had gone with the suitcases, Peter uncapped his fountain pen and wrote a note.

"So long, Sandy. You were sleeping so prettily I didn't have the heart to disturb you.

"Storm."

He tiptoed into the connecting hall and listened. Her breathing was rhythmical. He tiptoed on into her room. She was lying on her back, her head slightly turned. Her face was flushed and faintly moist with sleep.

He looked at her tumbled hair with its strong red lights on the pillow and at her lashes curving along her cheeks. Her lips were slightly parted. They were still chapped

(Continued on Next Page)

SELECTED FICTION

Will Peter Be Able to Outwit the Wily Medkin?

(Continued from Preceding Page)

from the hot wind of last night.

One of her wrists was lying across her forehead. The palm of her hand was up and the fingers were pink and slightly curled. Her other hand was lying across her breast, rising and falling as she breathed. And each time it rose her silver wedding ring caught a gleam of light.

He turned away and left the note on a table in plain sight, and tiptoed out. He hung a 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the doorknob of her room, went downstairs and paid the bill. He left instructions that his wife was not to be called and went out to his car.

The cabin plane was waiting on the field with its propeller lazily twisting when Peter drove up. He should reach Albuquerque by eleven. With three hours to wait for the express, he would go to the best restaurant in town and answer that dull gnawing with a thick steak, mashed potatoes and something particularly rich and heavy for dessert.

The bellboy was placing his suitcases in the plane when a small black sedan drove onto the field.

A short, thickset, weather-browned man in khaki with a bullet belt about his waist and a revolver in a black holster at his hip got out and came around the tail. He had a a long, lipless, turtle mouth and he wore a gold badge on the left pocket of his shirt.

He said: "Mr. Storm, Sheriff Johnston wants to have a little talk with you about a fellow that was found dead beside the road down near Topock last night. When Dr. Whitaker got there he says he saw your car leaving there, going west. We just want to check up on a few things."

"Tell the sheriff," Peter said pleasantly, "that I just left for New York on urgent business. And tell him that if he'll write out the questions and send them to me, I'll answer them fully by airmail."

The fine desert wrinkles about the deputy sheriff's turtle mouth became more pronounced. "I'm sorry, Mr. Storm, but I have a warrant for your arrest."

Peter said quietly: "What charge?"

"Suspicion of murder."

CHAPTER XI.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON was waiting for Peter in his office in Kingman, a tall, lanky man of fifty with pale gray eyes and a soft southwestern drawl that resembled the whine of a spent bullet.

He said: "I hate to delay you, Storm. I know you're on your honeymoon and I know how anyone appreciates privacy at such a time, but the fact is, you're the only man we have in this case. And Sheriff Ward, of Las Vegas, is sending over a man to ask some questions about the explosion that killed Dr. Logan."

"Then why did that warrant read 'suspicion of murder'?" Peter asked.

"Technically," the sheriff answered, "you are under suspicion. Where is Mrs. Storm?"

Peter glanced at his watch, which said 7:20. "[illegible] over with," he said amiably. "She's sleeping. If you need her later, we'll wake her up."

That was his problem to talk his way out of here in two hours without having to call in Sandra.

The sheriff's gray eyes were slightly narrowed. "Were you going without her?"

Peter looked surprised. "No. I always look [illegible] plane when I charter [illegible] can't be of much help. I suppose you know that the man who killed Ketzler took a shot at me too."

The sheriff glanced at the ad[illegible] head. "That's just what I want to know about."

"I'd have reported it," Peter [illegible] recognized him, or seen him clearly. But there was a cloud over the moon, and a sandstorm was blowing up.

"Supposing you tell me just what happened."

Peter complied, selecting his words with care. He knew that desert sheriffs, in dealing with desert murders, are the best detectives in the world, because their methods are those of the stalking Indian.

He said that he had gone to the Three Tree Ranch last night to investigate the explosion, that he had seen a man who resembled Dr. Logan's assistant, Simon Ketzler, furtively climb into a maroon coupe and drive off.

"We were pretty close behind him as far as Sulphide. We were delayed there an hour and a half getting married."

Sheriff Johnston was nodding. He smiled faintly. "Yes, I know about that."

"We found the maroon coupe off the road near Topock," Peter went on, "with Ketzler lying dead beside it. I followed some footprints into the Joshuas. I saw a car off to the right. It was a blue sedan. A man stepped out from a Joshua and shot at me. I was unconscious for several minutes."

"Was he tall? Short? Fat? Thin?"

"It was too dark to say. He was just a dim figure of a man."

"Where was Mrs. Storm?"

"Back at the road. She didn't see him, either. She said she heard the shot, then the sound of a car. A blue sedan came charging out into the road and went west."

"Did she see the license plates?"

"No."

"In other words," the sheriff said, "this man in the blue sedan killed Ketzler and stuck around an hour and a half and when you got there, tried to kill you. What was he doing there all that time?"

Peter shrugged. "Naturally, I don't know."

"He tore out the upholstery," Sheriff Johnston went on, "and he practically tore Ketzler's clothes off his body. He was looking for something. His idea wasn't revenge, and it wasn't money, because we found a billfold of Ketzler's full of money. What do you suppose he was looking for?"

"I wondered about that, too," Peter said, "but I was much more curious about the man himself. He evidently followed Ketzler out of the ranch before I did."

The sheriff nodded. "Yes. The maroon coupe, the blue sedan and your convertible were seen a few minutes apart by a highway patrol officer in Las Vegas and a Federal inspector at the Boulder Dam station. A motorcop here said the coupe and the sedan went through a couple of minutes apart, and that you followed an hour and a half later. Apparently the only person who saw the man in the blue sedan was the Federal inspector at Boulder. He says he was a red-headed man dressed in white."

Peter wondered if the sheriff was lying. He decided that he wasn't, and felt tremendously relieved. He tried to recall his conversation with the inspector. He was sure he had said pale gray shirt and white pants and that there had been no reference to the color of Scott Higgins' hair, which was brass-blond.

"It wasn't the man I thought it was," Peter said. "The man I had in mind hasn't red hair."

"Who was the man you had in mind?"

"I was a little suspicious of the ranch foreman and a cowboy there. But the foreman has light brown hair and the cowboy is dark."

The sheriff looked up at him. He had been drawing designs of cactus on a sheet of paper. "Where did you go when you left Ketzler dead beside the road?"

"Mrs. Storm drove toward Needles. I was almost unconscious. We parked off the road a while just this side of Topock, then the sandstorm came up and we decided to come back here."

The sheriff looked at him speculatively, and said, "Did you by any chance happen to meet a man at the ranch named Medkin?"

Peter said, with control: "Yes. A big blond fellow. A mammologist. He was there studying desert rodents."

"He has disappeared," the sheriff said.

Peter raised his eyebrows. "I wonder," he said, "if you might be interested in saving a human life. I wonder if I might have a cup of coffee."

The sheriff said, "Haven't you had breakfast?"

"I haven't," Peter said gravely, "eaten since yesterday noon."

The sheriff said vigorously: "We'll let the taxpayers blow you to breakfast. What would you like?"

"Ham and eggs and toast and coffee," Peter said. He wasn't really hungry. The sheriff's relentless questioning had taken away his appetite. But he wanted a moment to think.

The sheriff went out and left him alone.

PETER thought: "I've got to out-think him. I've got to be out of this office by ten o'clock. And there's something that will get me out of it can remember what it was."

Sheriff Johnston returned with three telegraph envelopes in his hand. He said: "Breakfast will be along in a moment," and gave the telegrams to Peter. "These were sent over from the hotel. There are some reporters outside, and I understand there's a plane load of them flying up from Los Angeles. We'll have them in later. Suppose you pull up your chair and we'll talk while you eat."

The sheriff, Peter realized, was on something of a spot. The newspapers were interested in this case. And his political career might very well depend on his handling of it.

Peter moved the chair to the desk and opened the telegrams. The first was from the president of Allied Metal [illegible]

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? PHONE ME AT ONCE. IAN LYAN

The other telegrams were from New York.

PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH ME IMMEDIATELY ON ARRIVAL NEW YORK URGENT. CAROL

WHY HAVEN'T YOU PHONED? WHY DID YOU HAVE YOUR ROOM PHONE STOPPED? HAVE BEEN TRYING FRANTICALLY TO REACH YOU. ALL THE MORNING PAPERS SAY YOU AND SANDRA PAGE ARE MARRIED. IT'S TOO UTTERLY FANTASTIC FOR ME TO BELIEVE. SHE IS CRAZY MAD ABOUT MY BROTHER. I MUST SEE YOU AT ONCE DARLING. SHALL I FLY OUT? WIRE OR PHONE INSTANTLY. LYNNE

Peter folded the telegrams and put them in his coat pocket. He knew that Lynne was given to exaggeration, but it was quite possible that the man Sandra had phoned last night was Brook Van Pell, and if this were true, then the mystery, or a portion of it, had been cleared up and replaced with another quite as [illegible]

If Brook Van Pell was the man with whom Sandra was in love, then he must be the man for whom she was working. And if this were true, how had Brook Van Pell learned about logantite? Of secondary importance but of equal interest was Brook Van Pell's activity in this particular [illegible]. Brook Van Pell was a corporation lawyer, and a very successful one.

How, Peter wanted to know, had Van Pell learned about the existence of logantite? He [illegible] trust in her, but [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] suggested, indicated that she was some how involved. If she had learned about logantite while working as secretary for Jake Tunch, the chief metallurgist at Allied Metals, and if she had inadvertently betrayed the secret to Brook Van Pell, then she was probably a very worried girl now.

And if all this were sound reasoning, then

(Continued on Page 14)

"I'm Sorry, Mr. Storm," Said the Man in Khaki, "But I Have a Warrant for Your Arrest—Suspicion of Murder."

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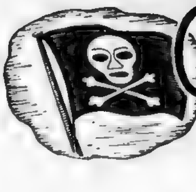


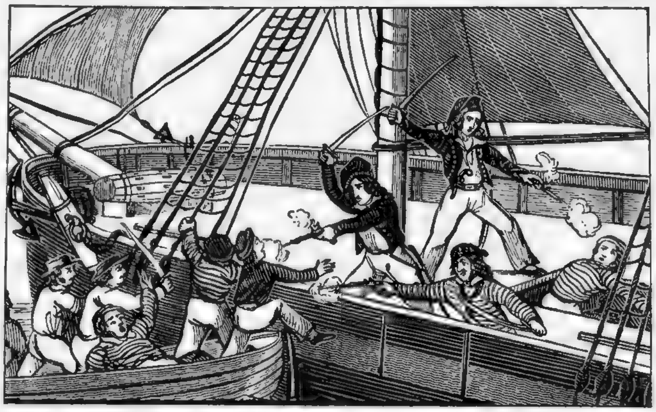
On the Treasure Trail of the Wicked Old Pirates

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY offers today the third of a remarkable series of articles bringing out a number of little known and hitherto unpublished facts about the old pirates and their hidden treasures

They are written by Harold T. Wilkins, English explorer who is a world-famous authority upon this subject, and who has spent a large part of his life in investigating and searching for the bloodstained but glamorous loot of the Gentlemen of the Jolly Roger.

Mr Wilkins has his plans made for an expedition next year to seek unknown treasure of the best known of all American pirates, Captain Kidd

Captain John Rackham in Whose Service the Two Women Pirates, Anne Bonny and Mary Read, Fought—From an Old Print.



Wood Engraving of 1730 Captioned "The Heroic Conduct of Mary Read and Anne Bonny," Which Shows the Two Women Pirates Meeting an Attack Upon Rackham's Sinister Boat.

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight,
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight,
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight—
With a yo-heave-ho!
And a fare-you-well!
And a sullen plunge
In the sullen swell
***Ten** fathoms deep on the road to hell—*
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

By **HAROLD T. WILKINS,**
Explorer and Treasure Seeker.

CHAPTER III.

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I AM GOING to digress for a moment from the search for pirate treasure to relate in a fashion never before told, the histories of the two most famous women pirates—Mary Read and Anne Bonny.

Their lives were interwoven with the wicked life of Captain John Rackham, better known as "Calico Jack," who was one of the most successful of the Brotherhood of the Jolly Roger, whose treasure still lies buried on various islands of the Caribbean, and the clue to at least one of these I have and intend to seek out

When Calico Jack was captured off Negril Island, convicted and sentenced to death on Gallows Point in old Port Royal in Jamaica, there were discovered among his crew two women dressed as men.

And when they were dressed in woman's garb and properly cleaned and brushed, they were very attractive women indeed

In the court proceedings against Captain Rackham, historic documents which I have read in Kingston, Jamaica, where old Port Royal used to be before an earthquake destroyed this modern Sodom and Gomorrah, there is this notation:

" he (Rackham) fell accidently into discourse with Mary Read, whom he, taking for a young man, asked her what pleasure she could have in being concerned in such enterprises, where her life was continually in danger by fire and sword; and not only so, but she must be sure of dying an ignominious death, if she should be taken alive. She answered, that as to hanging, she thought it no great hardship, for were it not for that, every cowardly fellow would turn pirate, and so infest the seas that men of courage must starve; that if it was put to the choice of the pirates, they would not have the punishment less than death, the fear of which kept some dastardly rogues honest; that many of those who were now cheating the widows and orphans and oppressing their poor neighbours who have no money to obtain justice, would then rob at sea, and the ocean would be crowded with rogues like the land, and no merchant would venture out; so that the trade in a little time would not be worth following."

Mary Read was born in the country near London Her mother was married young to a man "who used the sea," who, going on a voyage soon after their marriage, left her with child, a boy. The husband never returned. Nevertheless the mother soon proved with child again "

In order to conceal her embarrassment she left her husband's people with her child, the boy, and went to the country where shortly afterwards the boy died. But Providence, in return, was pleased to give her a girl in his room, of which she was safely delivered in her retreat, and this was our Mary Read.

The mother remained in hiding until her money was gone, then learning that her missing husband's mother was wealthy, decided to visit her, and in order to provide for her child, she passed Mary off as a boy. The old woman wished to take the child and bring it up but the mother, fearful that her deception would be discovered, pretended it would break her heart to part with little Johnny.

So mother and child lived happily together on the old woman's bounty until she died. Then, she thought proper to let her daughter into the secret of her birth, "to induce her to conceal her sex." Becoming reduced in circumstances she was forced to put her daughter out as "footboy" to a French lady.

Mary was now thirteen, and restless. So she ran away and entered herself aboard a man-of-war where she served for some time; then deserted, went over to Flanders and carried arms in a regiment of Foot as a cadet. A cadet was a volunteer who served, with or without pay, with the chance of obtaining a commission if proven of military ability. However, though she behaved with gallantry she could not obtain a commission, so she enlisted in a regiment of Horse

She is reported to have conducted herself with extreme bravery in the war against the French, was promoted and regarded by her officers as one of the best soldiers they had ever seen. But her tentmate thought differently. He was a handsome young Fleming and regarded a sudden change of behavior in his comrade with some alarm. The dashing English trooper began to neglect his horse, his accoutrements, and sit about their little tent staring at his companion and sighing with great melancholy.

Interesting Old Engraving Made in 1720 and Supposed to Be an Actual Portrait of Anne Bonny, Who Was the Most Colorful of the Women Pirates.

Engraving by the Same Unknown Artist of Mary Read, Anne Bonny's Companion, Made at the Same Time After Their Arrest in Jamaica.

"What's amiss, Englander?" demanded the Fleming, one evening.

Mary sighed heavily and batted her eyes.

"Nothing, da—friend," she murmured.

"Well, I wish ye'd stop staring like a mare wi' the colic," snapped the young soldier. "All the squadron thinks ye mad."

"Aye," she whispered heavily. "Mad, perhaps."

But when the Fleming was ordered on vedette and his companion insisted on sharing the dangerous outpost with him, he was thoroughly annoyed.

"Sithee, Englander," he growled one evening, as they cantered back to camp. "Stand clear o' me. Th'art not my shadow."

"But who's to protect thee, my l— friend?"

"What? Why, my sword arm and th' brown mare. Who d'ye think?"

In a very bad temper he off harnessed and rolled into his blankets. He was dozing off and moodily watching his peculiar tentmate.

Suddenly his eyes opened wide. The half clothed figure opposite possessed curves that did not belong on a moss trooper.

"Hey!" he whispered.

Mary turned shyly.

"Yes, my dear, I'm a woman, forced by my love for you to reveal my secret."

Mary permitted a kiss, then thrust him away.

"Love thee, I do," she whispered, "but I'm an honest maid, no blanket wife."

The trooper remembered her little kindnesses, tendernesses he had rejected disgustedly, and the courageous insistence of Mary to accompany him on the most dangerous patrols. He was touched.

"I love thee, too," he told her. "Thou hast nought to fear from me."

They served through the campaign together and he never disclosed her secret, and when the regiment moved into Winter quarters the two troopers presented themselves before their commanding officer and requested permission to marry.

The regiment was in an uproar. The officers howled with laughter at the situation. Then they remembered the girl's bravery and all turned up for the wedding, lining the walk with their drawn sabres and afterward presented the pair with enough to set them up in housekeeping.

They obtained their discharges and opened an ordinary inn called the Three Horseshoes, near Breda.

But the marriage was not destined to last long. The handsome husband died soon after and the pretty widow attracted officers to the inn until the Peace of Ryswick when troops were removed from the sector and the business failed.

Again Mary enlisted, as a man, in a regiment of Foot in Holland, but there being no chance of preferment, deserted and shipped aboard a vessel bound for the West Indies.

On the way they were taken and plundered by Vane, the notorious pirate who introduced the "pleasure camps" in South Carolina, and Mary being the only "Englishman" aboard was permitted to join the pirates. For some months she sailed under Vane, plundering, capturing and slaying until they heard of the King's Act of Grace. They promptly took the Act and lived quietly ashore for some months.

Then, hearing that Captain Woods Rogers was fitting out privateers against the Spaniards a number of them sailed for Providence in the Bahamas to join. Among them was John Rackham, one time quartermaster of Vane, and he conspired with some of his mates to take their ship and set up as pirates again.

Their ship taken they sailed off for the Main, plundering a few small craft and murdering their crews. But there was a young man aboard—a handsome fellow, very friendly with Rackham, now better known as "Calico Jack," who shared quarters with him. This fellow took quite a fancy to Mary. In every action this man fought beside her in the thickest of the battle.

One night they were cruising quietly south. The moon was a yellow globe above the masthead, stars dripped like diamonds from the limitless sky.

The lookout called the glasses and Mary, tiring of rum drinking, sought her cabin. There was a sound at the door and the dim lantern outlined the bright features of the young pirate.

"How now, mate," whispered the young man. "It's hot above, I'll stay with thee for a spell."

"Nay, I like to be alone," Mary muttered.

"Don't be cruel," laughed the pirate.

With a cry Mary sat up and regarded a smiling woman!

"Yes, my love," murmured her companion. "I'm a maid, but thy manly beauty has won me. I'm thine."

"B-but, I'm a maid, too," quavered Mary.

The other woman stared open mouthed.

"Damme!" she swore. "A woman. What be doing on this ship o' dogs?"

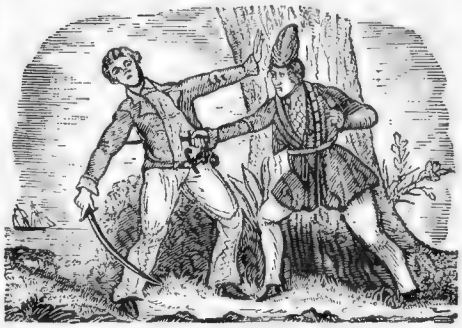
"I've a mind to earn gold and settle down."

Suddenly the other girl burst into screams of laughter.

"Eh, there's a pair of us," she gasped. "What'll Rackham say. He hates thee, knowing that I cast sheep's eyes at thee."

Heave Ho! and Down to the Spanish Main With Explorer Wilkins to Join the Search for Pieces-of-Eight, Bars of Gold, Sparkling Jewels and All the Long-Buried Booty of the Jolly Roger's Black Brotherhood—and Here Are Tales of the World's Most Famous Buccaneers Never Told Before

The Historic Duel Scene Between Mary Read and "the Foul-mouthed Scoundrel," Thomas Quick, Whom She Fought for the Life of a Lover. This Drawing Shows Anne Bonny Looking on. (Picture by the Famous English Artist, F. Matania.)



Crude Old Woodcut of the Early Eighteenth Century Showing the Artist's Conception of the Same Duel Which Matania Has So Much More Picturesquely Painted.

"Oh, please don't tell him."

Suddenly the two girls clutched each other in me as a resounding crash came on the door.

"Out! Come out, ye sea louse," came Rack-m's roar. "Ye, too, Anne Bonny. Ye thought I d not see ye follow that pink-faced young hop-

Let me in 'till I cut his throat."

There was another resounding crash, the door l, and Rackham staggered in, cutlass in his great t and a pistol cocked and ready.

"One side, Anne Bonny," he raged. "I'll tend thee after I've split the heart of this one."

With a flash of white legs Anne darted across floor and Mary, wide eyes on the furious pir- made a grab for her sword, hanging beside her. kham staggered backward, his cutlass dropped l his bearded mouth hung down like a trapdoor.

"Now, what the devil's this?" he muttered. woman and a woman."

"I knew it all the time," said Anne, quickly. "I ne in to comfort the poor thing. But, John Rack- n," her blue eyes flashed in the lantern light, t me see thee comforting her and I'll open thee e a fig."

"Nay, nay," he mumbled, still staring. "One t it is enough."

"Remember it," snapped Anne. "And keep the r maid a secret. She fights like a man—keep secret, John."

"I will that," he said. "But I don't like it. men means trouble in a ship."

"Aye, women does," said Anne sweetly. "But ry's a man, and as long as ye remember there's t one woman aboard, there'll be no trouble. Now t with thee an let the poor maid sleep."

For days Mary waited uneasily but Rackham nt her secret and watched with admiration while e fought as well as any three men when boarding repelling. Anne fought at her side and the pair ade a gallant sight. They were first along the wsprit and into an enemy craft. The first to rike the enemy colors and first to slash off the ads of those who were shy of joining them.

But Dan Cupid was not finished with Mary ad. It was the habit of freebooters to take car- nters, coopers, sailmakers from the ships they ptured and use them on their own pirate craft. happened that such a man was taken aboard the ondon ship, Kingston. He was a carpenter, young d handsome and of good family, and Mary quite st her heart to him. She would engage him in nversation at night, coming upon him leaning er the rail staring sadly into the darkness.

"Th'art sad," she observed.

"Why not?" he muttered. "To be taken from nest work into damned piracy."

"Aye, I know," she sighed "I was captured, too, nths back. But one day I'll escape and get ck to land."

The sad young man was surprised and delighted find an apparent pirate so sympathetic.

"Tell ye what," she proposed. "Be my messmate d strict companion. Perchance we can find some ay to escape these wretches."

Then, to quote the old History of Pyrates:

"When she found he had a friendship for her, she suffered the discovery to be made."

It was not long before the astonished carpenter admitted a tender regard and she in her turn protected him in every way from danger. But their friendship did not pass without comment from the others. There was a foul-mouthed scoundrel, Thomas Quick, who had much to say about the friendship between the carpenter and Mary. But the carpenter strolled up to his tormentor and stretched him on the deck.

"Hist! To quarters!" warned the others, for fighting on shipboard among themselves is forbidden under pain of death, according to pirate law. Quick, vengeful brute, was waiting until they landed to careen on a small uninhabited island and there challenge the carpenter to combat.

"Cutlass and pistol, my bucko!" he jeered. "We'll see what thy liver looks like."

Mary heard the challenge.

"But, my love, he'll kill thee," she whispered.

Quick was by way of being a good shot and Mary knew it. Several times while they were nearing the island she almost betrayed herself by anxious tears. She knew Quick would kill her lover. Something must be done.

She stole below to where the young man was moodily working.

"We'll be in soon, my love," she said. "Yon Quick is drinking and shaking 'is weapons. Sleep, my dear, and rest to give thee strength for the fight."

"Aye, I'll rest."

"I'll stay with thee, sweeting, and pray for thee."

She sat beside the young man until he fell into uneasy slumber. Then, her round chin set firmly, went on deck. Quick was beside the mainmast, swinging his cutlass in imitation of a French fence master. He grinned as she approached.

"How's thy friend?" he jeered. "Did'st know he'll be carrion by night?"

"What's thy plan, dog?" inquired Mary. "Wilt ambush from behind a rock?"

"I'll show thee—"

"Th'art feared." She looked him in the eye.

"Feared, am I?" he roared. "Why, I'll spit thee and finish t'other after." Which was just what Mary wanted.

"Good," she said quietly. "We'm close in now. Overside withee. I'll fight thee soon's we land."

It was permitted for pirates to settle their differences on shore, and by the punctilio of the duello, pistol and cutlass meant that each fighter had one pistol and his cutlass. They commenced at about a mile and stalked each other creeping closer until one was killed by pistol or cutlass, or both.

Quietly the two slipped overside, Mary watching Quick like a hawk. As the boat touched the sand, she stepped out.

"I'll go five hundred paces east," she said. "Then a hundred inland. Thee do the same. Then we'll walk one to t'other, and no quarter."

"No quarter 'tis," he growled. "What shall I tell thy friend?"

"If I'm shot in the back while pacing this beach, thou'lt tell the company a lot," she said calmly. "If I die facing thee, thou'lt have nought to tell."

Calmly she turned her back and made down the beach. When she turned inland, Quick had disappeared. Swiftly she pushed through dwarfed cedar, gorse and cactus until she reached thick cover.

It was hot, the surf boomed nearby and she could hear the voices of men aboard the ship as they warped her to palms on the beach. Gulls screamed overhead and she moved stealthily forward. Somewhere ahead Quick lurked in the bush, a pistol ready to blow her brains out and a cutlass to ambush her.

Quietly she moved forward parting the tangle with her blade, keeping her pistol up ready for instant use. Once she stopped to listen. She thought she heard a rustling to her right, but it stopped and she moved on. Once she wheeled as a sharp crash echoed close by. She saw the glint of sun on metal and ducked behind a tree.

"Look out, pretty boy," jeered Quick.

She crouched, peering through the jungle. She could see nothing. There was another rustle. She jumped and saw a branch fly through the bushes. Quick was throwing them to make her show herself.

Breathing deeply she moved from behind the tree, backing carefully until she could detour to the right. There was deathly silence now intensified by the whine of mosquitoes that blinded her with their venomous stinging flight.

Suddenly she froze. Beside a cedar was a glint of red. Quick had been wearing a red cap. She rose on one knee, leaveling the heavy barrel of her pistol and fired. There was a mighty bang, the cap jumped and birds wheeled in panic above the trees. Something laughed and she turned a white face. Quick stood twenty yards away. He was bareheaded and his pistol was on an unwavering line with her head.

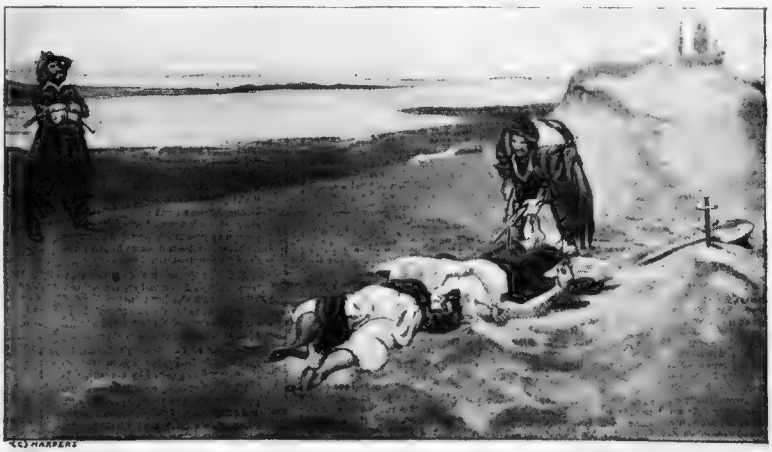
"An old trick," he said softly, stepping daintily forward.

She dropped the useless pistol and faced him.

"Shoot then, dog," she called.

"Patience, pretty boy," he grinned. "I'll come a

(Continued on Page 16)



(C) HARPERS

"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES"—Howard Pyle's Dramatic Picture of the Fate of Those Who Buried the Treasure.

LAUGHING GIRL

(Continued from Page 11)

he himself was indirectly responsible for the [illegible]

The more Peter thought about it the less he liked the look of things. He believed in the light of this new [illegible] that [illegible] did not realize the [illegible] of the [illegible] Van Fell had given her. He was [illegible] that [illegible] the circumstances [illegible]. And he reasoned that [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

"Your're [illegible] position, Mr. [illegible]

[illegible]

"W[illegible]

[illegible] Ketzler [illegible]

[illegible] in Las Vegas [illegible] dynamite [illegible] Ketzler [illegible]

[illegible]

BROOK VAN FELL

What Will Be the Outcome of the Dangerous Game These Two Men Are Playing for Millions?

SCOTT HIGGINS

[illegible]

... you were chasing this [illegible]mon Ketzler! My men would have gone right down that road with you and helped you catch him!"

"I doubt that," Peter said. "You don't believe anything I said anyway. Besides, I didn't think it was Ketzler."

"More lies!" the judge snorted. "You told me you ran off with that girl to try to persuade her to change her mind and marry you."

"EXACTLY," Peter said. "And that was why Ketzler was so important. When I saw him get into that maroon coupe, I knew it couldn't be Ketzler. It was too fantastic. Like everybody else, I thought he'd been killed in the explosion. But I used the opportunity to take the young lady for a long drive, hoping she'd cool off and see things my way. When we reached Sulphide I said nothing to the police about it, because I was sure it wasn't Ketzler and I didn't want to make a fool of myself."

"Why did you chase Ketzler after you left Sulphide?" the judge demanded.

"We talked it over," Peter answered, "and decided that the man in the maroon coupe was in too much of a hurry to be innocent, whoever he was. He must have averaged ninety all the way from the ranch to Kingman. And we were curious about the fellow who was chasing him."

Peter paused. There was a [illegible] in Judge Jeffers' eyes. "[illegible]," he said, "you're the [illegible]test liar in the state of Arizona."

"You're doing me a great injustice," Peter said sadly. "Sheriff Johnston claims that I had the motive and the opportunity to kill Ketzler. They've just agreed that all I have to do to be released is to prove I didn't."

Judge Jeffers looked at him shrewdly. "Can you prove it?"

"I can try," Peter said pleasantly. "Sheriff, who found Ketzler's body and reported it to you?"

The sheriff hesitated. "Dr. Whitaker."

"Of Kingman?"

"Yes."

"Please tell him he's wanted here urgently."

Sheriff Johnston hesitated again. He glanced at Deputy Niles, then shrugged and reached for the telephone. He called a number. He said presently, "Tell Dr. Whitaker that Sheriff Johnston is calling." Then: "Have him come to my office as soon as you can reach him."

He hung up and said to Peter, "He's out on calls. His office girl will try to locate him."

Peter glanced at his watch. 12:59, or 1:59 Mountain Time. The streamliner was just pulling into Albuquerque.

Dr. Whitaker arrived at one-fifteen. He was a gentle, mild-mannered man of sixty.

Sheriff Johnston said, "Doc, it's about that dead man you found near Topock last night. This young fellow is mixed up in the case. Mr. Storm—Dr. Whitaker."

DR. WHITAKER shook Peter's hand and said, "You're the young fellow who got married last night."

Peter said, "Doctor, weren't you driving a gray sedan?"

"Yes."

"When you stopped beside the maroon coupe last night, did you notice what time it was?"

"Yes. It must have been about two-ten, because the streamliner came through a minute or two afterward."

Peter hesitated and ran his hand nervously through his hair. "Can you say how long Ketzler had been dead?"

The doctor nodded. "Yes, of course. One stage of rigor mortis had occurred, which meant he had been dead approximately one hour."

"Just a minute," Judge Jeffers broke in. "Doc, can you pin it down as close as that when a man's been dead such a little while?"

"Definitely," Dr. Whitaker answered. "Rigor mortis begins at the extremities and works inward. One hour after death, there is a definite stage of rigor mortis. But, Sheriff, I told all this to [illegible] last night when I reported that dead man."

"You told him," Peter said sternly, "that Ketzler had been dead an hour. Sheriff, I resent this very much. You've known it

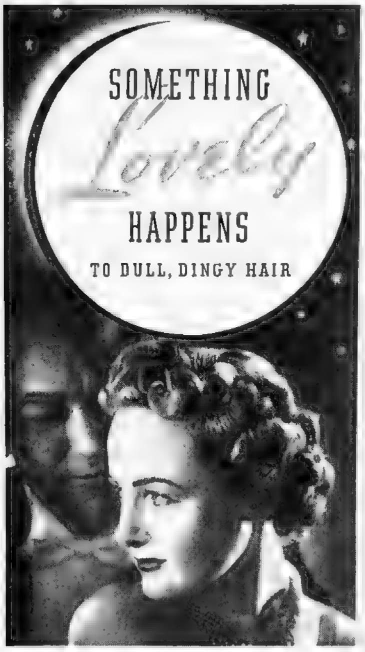
(Continued on Page 18)

[illegible]

The judge said righteously: "[illegible] You're a dangerous [illegible]. You thought you were [illegible] clever last night [illegible] glad your sins have caught up with you at last."

"That's the rub," Peter said. "They're somebody else's sins."

Judge Jeffers stared at him with his lower lip thrust out. "Why," he barked, "didn't you



Now Radiant Beauty is Yours with this Glorifying Shampoo that Reveals

UP TO 33% MORE LUSTRE IN YOUR HAIR

Y[illegible] your hair manageable—and stay beautiful in place after washing.

Special Drene is the name of this sensational [illegible] Procter & Gamble. So revolutionary is its beautifying action—our scientific Lustre-Meter Tests conclusively proved that hair washed with this amazing Special Drene actually reveals up to 33% more natural lustre than when washed with soap or prepared soap shampoos!

Even dull, dingy hair seems to "come to life" with its entrancing light and lustre. And feels smoother, silkier, too!

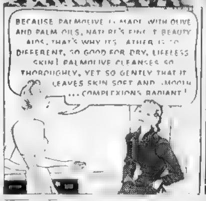
Special Drene gives such thrillingly different results because it uses a newly discovered cleansing ingredient. Not [illegible] creamy lather [illegible] in hardest water.

New-type lather [illegible] vinegar rinses [illegible] your hair looks [illegible] Moreover [illegible] beauty shop services [illegible] ing, tinting, and finger waving [illegible] why so many leading beauty shops are using Special Drene.

Why be handicapped [illegible] Special Drene Shampoo. Get it in the blue and [illegible] package at drug, department or 10c stores now. Economical—for [illegible] little gives a rich, thick shampoo. [illegible] see your hair's hidden [illegible] vealed!

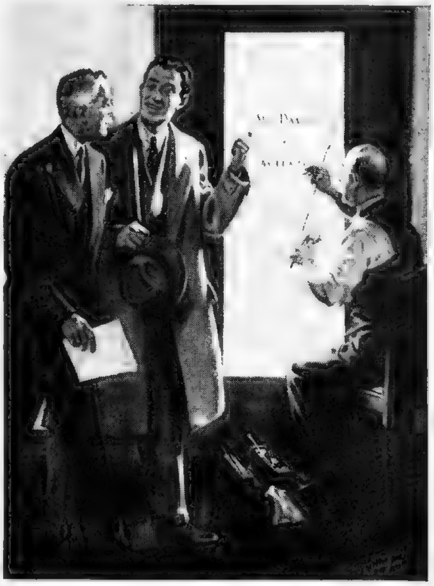
Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

So keep your complexion lovely! Use this soap made with Olive Oil!



MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT SMOOTH

"Say, Mr. Clark—what *is* an Actuary?"



SUPPOSE YOU WERE being shown through the Home Office of a life insurance company and came to a door lettered "Actuary." Perhaps you might be puzzled as to the meaning of the word.

Of course, if you turned to the dictionary, you would learn there that an Actuary is "one whose profession is to calculate insurance risks and premiums."

▶ This definition is correct, as far as it goes. But it falls far short of picturing the true scope of an Actuary's activities.

Nowadays his profession is highly specialized. It is a profession in which a man may hope to gain recognized standing only after years of intensive study and training. For he must have a thorough knowledge of the three complicated factors on which life insurance premiums are based . . . Mortality, Interest, and Expense.

For example, in order to arrive at premium charges which will be both safe and fair, the Actuary must make detailed analyses of the past and present death rates among many different groups of people. From these studies, he is able to compile mortality tables which provide an amazingly dependable yardstick for his guidance in computing premiums.

▶ The Actuary must also take into account the interest rate which the company may reasonably undertake to earn on the investments it makes for the benefit of its policyholders.

And in a mutual life insurance company, such as Metropolitan, the Actuary prepares data which enables the Board of Directors to determine the annual divisible surplus which will be returned to the policyholders in the form of dividends.

Another of the Actuary's duties, together with the legal staff, is to draw up the policy forms issued by the company.

He keeps running records of such important matters as mortality . . . the ages and occupations of people insured . . . the company's experience on outstanding policies. He also assembles data needed for the preparation of the Annual Statement, which is submitted to the proper state authorities, and forms a public record of the year's activities.

▶ In short, an Actuary might be defined as the "engineer" who helps design the "product" a life insurance company offers . . . and then figures out what the policyholders should reasonably pay for the benefits provided by their contracts.

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This is Number 22 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD — *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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A LITTLE DRAMA IN 2 ACTS *by Molly McGee!*

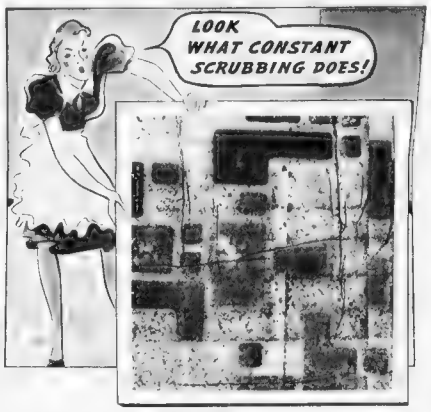
"FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY"..
with the little "I betcha" girl, Horatio K. Boomer, Nick de Populus, The Old Timer ("That ain't the way I heered it"), Mrs. Uppington and all the characters that America has learned to love. On 103 stations in the U.S. and Canada every Tuesday night.
N.B.C.—Time 9:30 E.S.T.
8:30 C.S.T.
7:30 M.S.T.
6:30 P.S.T.

HOW TO CARE FOR LINOLEUM FLOORS!

ACT I *The wrong way!*

Heavenly Days! I remember how I used to get down on all fours to scrub my kitchen floor—and at that it never seemed to be clean. The colors were all dull and getting more faded with every scrubbing. My poor hands were red and my knees ached.

Every day seemed to be scrubbing day! At the end of every one of those back-breaking struggles I was fit for the Old Ladies' Home. I can see myself now, limp as a rag and my tongue hanging out! And still that old linoleum floor never looked bright or clean.



With that continuous scrubbing, I was *ruining* my linoleum! Here's wa happens: first, the colors fade, leaving a dull surface . . . then the linolen becomes water soaked . . . bumps and cracks appear . . . the edges warp ad split. Then you have to buy new linoleum.

ACT II *The RIGHT way!* (IT'S THE EASY WAY, TOO!)

No more old-fashioned scrubbing for me—not while I can buy Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat! It's miraculous how easy it is to use. There's no rubbing or buffing . . . that's why it's called "Self-Polishing." First, you pour a little Glo-Coat onto your clean floor—like this—

Then you *spread it around* with the long-handled Glo-Coat Applier or with a cloth. And, believe it or not, that's *all* you have to do. Just go on about your business, while Glo-Coat "shines as it dries"—

20 minutes later your floor sparkles like new, the colors fresh and bright!

[illegible] "[illegible] Housekeeping Institutes do, too . . . and millions of American housewives use Glo-Coat and swear by it! Many users write us that it makes linoleum last 6 times longer than when [illegible]

LISTEN, YOU HUSBANDS! TAKE HOME A CAN OF THIS GLO-COAT TO THE MISSUS. IT WILL MAKE A BIGGER HIT THAN FLOWERS AND CANDY AND ALL STUFF LIKE THAT THERE—
Featured now at Hardware, Grocery, Variety, Drug, Paint and Department Stores Everywhere.
A BIG PINT CAN FOR ONLY

You can use Glo-Coat on your rubber and asphalt tile, as well as on varnished and painted wood floors. If you haven't tried Glo-Coat (by the makers of Johnson's Wax) get a can from your dealer tomorrow. Don't put it off!

JOHNSON'S *Self Polishing* GLO-COAT

NO RUBBING! NO BUFFING!

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., RACINE, WISCONSIN

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX

(Continued from Double Page)

bit closer to make sure of ye."

He stalked her like a tiger coming slowly nearer, the pistol muzzle a black circle behind which his eye slitted cruelly. He was twelve paces away, silent now but for the breath whistling between his teeth.

He took another step. Then she shook the sick fascination from her brain. Leaping to one side she rushed him. The pistol roared and she felt a burning agony in her shoulder. His face paled and fear crept into his eyes as he tugged his cutlass from its scabbard.

[illegible]

He slashed desperately [illegible] parried [illegible] as his blade grazed her wounded shoulder. He cut at her head but her training in the cavalry stood her in good stead. A high parry and she cut [illegible] desperately backwards.

On Pirates' Treasure Trail

[illegible]

Mary [illegible] He stared at the [illegible]

[illegible]

Port Royal [illegible] Mary Read [illegible] to say before sentence [illegible]

[illegible]

NOW to [illegible] Anne Bonny [illegible]

[illegible] "At [illegible] will the maid [illegible] was employed in the household business, not having the fear of God before her [illegible] takes his opportunity [illegible] her back was turned of whipping three silver spoons into his pocket." (From "Ye Bloody Pyrates" 17[illegible] anonymous)

[illegible] Old time Pirate Was the Hangman's Rope. This Old Print Shows One of the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main Being Hanged at Execution Dock, Outside London. To the Woman Who Stood at the Foot of the Gallows the Pirate Usually Gave a Keepsake. Copyright by H. T. Wilkins.

The maid missed the spoons and [illegible] challenged him, and on his denial threatened to call the police. Terrified, he persuaded her to make another search and while she was doing so seized the opportunity to conceal the spoons in her bed. He then ran away.

Several days later, hearing that the girl had told the police and that they were searching for him he concluded that she had stolen them and decided to make a clean breast of the matter to her mistress who was expected home shortly. When she arrived he explained saying he had taken the spoons for a joke and hidden them in the girl's bed.

The mistress, knowing Mary for an honest girl, believed him and searching, found the spoons. Relieved she decided to tell Mary the joke. But another thought came to her. The spoons had been missing for days. Why had Mary not found them herself?

She began to remember certain kindnesses of her husband towards the girl. She wondered too, why her husband had not been home to meet her on her arrival. He had said he had to go out of town.

Captain Charles Johnson, biographer, tells of what followed in his own words, which were printed in London in 1724

"As women seldom forgive injuries of this kind, she thought of discharging her revenge on the maid. In order to do this she leaves the spoons where she found them, and orders the maid to put clean sheets on the bed, telling her she decided to lie there herself that night, because her mother-in-law was to lie in her bed, and that she (the maid) must lie in another part of the house. The maid in making the bed was surprised at the sight of the spoons, but therefore she takes them up, puts them in her trunk, intending to leave them in some place where they might be found by chance.

The mistress sent for a constable and charged her with stealing the spoons. The maid's trunk was broke open, and the spoons found, upon which she was carried before a Justice of the Peace, and by him committed to gaol."

When the husband heard what had happened to the maid, he was furious. But his mother took his part against [illegible] both left to go to the mother's house. The maid lay in gaol for over six months, but then the lawyer's wife refused to press charges. The girl was therefore discharged, and soon afterwards

(Continued on Page 17)

Tales From King Arthur's Court

(Continued from Front Page)

water and the swords they [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Arthur to see a woman so fiercely [illegible]

[illegible] though he bade only those who were good as well as muscular, the sword stayed where it was [illegible] Balin a youth [illegible]

[illegible] the scabbard in the other the hilt, and out came the blade.

At that moment of all times appeared the Lady of the Lake, [illegible]

[illegible] "You [illegible] tell me the name of my sword."

"The name is Excalibur," said she. "Cut-steel is a free translation."

"An [illegible] name that," Arthur said.

"I've come for my gift," she declared.

"Whatever you like," he replied.

"You may give me the head [illegible] young man who has just won a sword or the head of the damsel who brought it to him, or I shouldn't mind if you gave me both their heads. He killed my brother [illegible]"

"Of the [illegible] I know nothing," said Arthur, "but the young man two minutes ago demonstrated the soundness of his character."

"[illegible] his head!"

[illegible] embarra[illegible] said [illegible] "Ask [illegible] else."

"Nothing [illegible]"

Balin, standing by, was annoyed. "Is it my head you're asking for?"

"You [illegible] correctly," said she.

With that he whipped out his new sword and trimmed the head off the Lady of the Lake as neatly as you'd clip a blossom from its stalk.

"For shame," said Arthur. "That is something you shouldn't have done."

"Sir," said Balin, "she was no friend of my family."

"That may be," said Arthur, "[illegible] debt, and you shouldn't have killed her with me looking on."

Then Balin went his way, taking the lady's head with him, and [illegible] funeral for [illegible] grievous, and the Court wore mourning for the usual period, or a little longer.

Next Sunday Mr. Erskine will relate the tale of Sir Tristram and the Love Potion.

Who Was King Arthur?

Arthur was a legendary king who was supposed to have ruled England in the 6th century. His father was King Uther Pendragon and his mother, Queen Igraine, was wooed away from her first husband, the Duke of Tintagil, to become Queen of England. They died while Arthur was a lad and his training was entrusted to Merlin, a sorcerer.

Arthur surrounded himself with a company of valiant warriors named the Knights of the Round Table, who were supposed to restore order to Britain. Their remarkable adventures were first chronicled by Sir Thomas Malory, a Yorkshire scholar, who flourished in the 15th century. The sources of his material are believed to have been a series of verses written by the French troubadour, Chretien de Troyes, in the 12th century who may possibly have read about Arthur and his knights in ancient Latin histories of Britain.

Since Malory's time many writers have used these legends and retold them in their own language. The English authors, Tennyson, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and William Morris have rendered several of the old stories in verse, and noteworthy too are Wagner's magnificent music-dramas "Parsifal," which recounts the legend of the Holy Grail and "Tristan und Isolde," perhaps the most famous love story of all time. To this company of distinguished interpreters of the old legends is now added Mr. John Erskine, who retells them delightfully for readers of The American Weekly.

CHAPPED HANDS

Here's Why Scores of Doctors Use Noxzema on Their Own Hands

IN WINTER doctors have real trouble with their hands. Cold weather—frequent washings—hands in strong antiseptic solutions—badly chapped hands develop.

And what do doctors use for Chapped Hands? A survey shows that many physicians and also dentists use Noxzema *Medicated* Skin Cream. That's because they know that Chapped Hands are *cut hands*—scores of tiny cracks or cuts in the skin which need real *medication* rather than a perfumed cosmetic.

Quick Relief for Your Hands

See for yourself how effective Noxzema is for Chapped Hands. Apply Noxzema tonight on the sorest, reddest Chapped Hands—massaging it into the skin until all trace of the cream disappears. Notice how soothing Noxzema is—how the smarting, itching burning irritation vanishes almost at once how much *softer, smoother, whiter* your hands look. Noxzema is dainty, *greaseless*, non-sticky.

25¢ Trial Jar 19¢

See for yourself! For a limited time only you can get a large 25¢ trial jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ at any drug or department store. Start using Noxzema today. Make it a rule to rub a little Noxzema into your hands after each washing. See how much better they *feel*—how much better they look.

WHAT TWO WOMEN SAY

[illegible]

SCORES OF DOCTORS

"In my practice my hands get in bad shape [illegible] better and quicker results [illegible]"

"My hands are [illegible]"

NOXZEMA

Bride discovers "top-speed" suds that wash clothes whiter

Two Continents Toast Her Beauty!

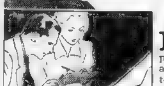
Radio, motion picture, stage and night club engagements keep exotic Gertrude Niesen so busy she has little time for primping. Yet she is constantly asked: "How do you keep your complexion so clear and smooth?" Evening in Paris Face Powder is her answer, because it stays on, stays clear, stays smooth. Try it for a perfectly groomed complexion. There are rouge and lipstick to harmonize. Face Powder, $1.00. Rouge or Lipstick, 55c.

Gertrude Niesen WEARS
EVENING IN PARIS Face Powder
because it
★ STAYS ON
★ STAYS CLEAR
★ STAYS SMOOTH

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

YOU SHOULD KNOW THE
TRUTH ABOUT CORNS

What causes them—How to get rid of them...



NO NEED to suffer from painful, ugly corns. Home paring only gives temporary relief and corns come back. Corns are caused by pressure and friction and tests show it is easy to remove them with Blue-Jay. The tiny Blue-Jay pad relieves pain by removing pressure—in a few days the corn may be lifted out. Then, by avoiding pressure and friction that caused your corns you can prevent their return.

Get corn-pain relief quickly and easily with Blue-Jay corn plasters. Only 25¢ for 6 at all drug counters.

Feltpad (C) relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula (D) acts on corn, gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

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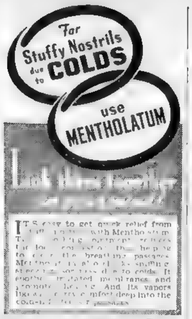


IT'S easy to get quick relief from [illegible] with Mentholatum. [illegible] the breathing passages. [illegible] sneezing, sore [illegible] due to colds. It soothes irritated membranes and [illegible]. And its vapors [illegible] comfort deep into the [illegible] passages.

Now Many Wear

FALSE TEETH

With Little Worry

Eat, talk, laugh [illegible] sneeze without fear of [illegible] FASTEETH holds dental plates [illegible] comfortably. [illegible] Relieves burning [illegible] soreness due to chafing of a loose plate [illegible] alkaline FASTEETH at any drug store. Accept no [illegible]

ALKALINE DENTAL PLATE POWDER

WHAT TO TELL YOUR DAUGHTER

If your daughter is entering womanhood and [illegible] restless, nervous and moody [illegible] bothered by cramps, headache, embarrassing fainting spells due to female functional "irregularities"—by all means have her try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pinkham's Compound is one of the MOST EFFECTIVE tonics made to help women [illegible] YOUR daughter [illegible] "difficult days." [illegible] mother. *Try it!*

FOR GRAY, WHITE OR BLONDE HAIR

Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap

No danger of discoloring or streaking. Sayman's quick, creamy "shampoo" suds cleanse hair and scalp perfectly, help bring out its natural lustre. Made from natural soap roots and pure vegetable oil. At your dealer's.

FREE SAMPLES [illegible]

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates [illegible] firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost *as well as with natural teeth.* Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. [illegible] If your druggist hasn't it *don't waste money on substitutes,* but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH Co., Box 2735 B, ELMIRA, N. Y.

ROUGH, CHAPPED SKIN SOOTHED AND SMOOTHED

Resinol Ointment is first aid for smarting, dry skin discomfort due to chapping. Because it is oily, its [illegible] time-tested medication *stays in active contact* with the irritated surface, giving quick relief and aiding nature's healing. Get a jar from your druggist today.

For sample write Resinol X-21 Balto. Md.

Are Your Cakes Fluffier?

DO you have some special way of baking a particular kind of cake that makes it tastier and downright delicious? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue.

Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page. It may lead to the easiest $5 you ever earned.

WHEN THE BUCCANEERS ROAMED THE SEAS

(Continued from Page 16)

became the mother of Anne Bonny

The attorney's mother tried hard to reconcile him to his wife but he refused. Just before her death she made a will leaving all to her unhappy daughter-in-law and her twin children

By this time the attorney had run away with the [illegible] and her baby daughter whom he loved dearly. But in order to disguise the matter from his wife he dressed young Anne in breeches and passed her off as a relation's child he was "to breed up to be his clerk."

His wife heard of it and learning the truth, refused to continue an allowance she was permitting her husband. So, having lost his name and practice he left Ireland for the Carolinas with the maid and his child and lived in Charleston

Some years later his Mary died and he brought up Anne as his daughter By now he was in good circumstances and Anne, eighteen tall and graceful as a reed with black hair, blue eyes "put in with a smutty finger," frolicsome but with a blasting temper was regarded as a mighty good catch

Her father, working hard to marry her off to a rich planter, was horrified when Anne ran away and married a handsome sailor. He became so provoked that he turned her out of doors and the sailor, a pardoned pirate named Bonny, took her to Providence where he expected to make good money privateering

Anne soon tired of the moderate life of marriage; Bonny had not much money and around her were dashing, roaring fellows on the Grand Account with rich laces and money to burn

One of these was Captain John Rackham, known as Calico Jack for his fighting costume of calico shirt and breeches But ashore he was a figure to turn any girl's head, all blue velvet coat [illegible] laced hat and red silk stockings Diamond rings blazed on his hairy fingers, and the buckles on his shoes were studded with pearls. He quickly spotted the bright-eyed Anne and lost no time in paying court to her

"Why don't 'ee join the Account, like Calico Jack, and bring me fine velvets and laces?" she demanded peevishly of Bonny

"Because I'm an honest man," answered her husband. "And if I catch thee running 'round the alehouses wi' that strappado, I'll tan thy pretty skin"

"Not while Calico Jack's sword's on his thigh," she jeered and went out, curly head high to drink with her new companion

RACKHAM refused to sail while he still had money, and Anne There is a story that she proposed to her husband that he should hand her over to Rackham in return for a sum of money said bargain to be properly signed before a notary. But the Governor heard of the matter and summoned her before him Brazenly she admitted it

"I love Jack" she asserted "Bonny's no good I'll live wi' Jack and be happy"

"If I hear more of this" the Governor threatened, "I'll commit you both to prison You'll be stripped and publicly whipped, and your precious Calico Jack shall do the whipping How now, wench?"

She promised to be good but plotted with Rackham to run away

There was a fast sloop on the island belonging to one John Haman. Anne discovered that only two men slept aboard at night and Haman was always ashore. So one night, Rackham Anne and eight lusty pirates rowed out to the sloop and crept aboard Anne, a drawn sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, crept below and awakened the two men

"One word, and I'll blow out thy brains!" she threatened

Quietly Rackham and the others heaved in the cables and the little craft (she was only forty tons) drifted past the fort and guardship

"Sloop ahoy!" came a hail

"Damnation!" swore Rackham

"Tell 'em the cable's parted," whispered Anne

"We're drifting" bellowed Rackham "All we got's a grapnel aboard We'll drift clear and sail back."

They set a small sail and, reaching the harbor mouth set all sail and scudded before the wind for the south. The two men were brought on deck and invited to join. This they refused and were put in a boat to find their way back to shore

"Now we'll find Turnley," said Anne

Turnley was one whom Anne had asked to witness the writing which James Bonny, her husband, was to give to Rackham by which she was to be passed to him. Turnley refused and informed the Governor

I was to be stripped [illegible] We'll [illegible] to death!

[illegible] they searched [illegible] clothes with [illegible] her

"Where's Turnley?" they demanded

There were four [illegible] aboard

He's [illegible] a-salting some hogs [illegible] Dave Seward lame and disabled by an old wound gained while pirating

"Put out a boat we got business with him" Anne said

They rowed to shore [illegible] Turnley saw them first and hid in the bushes with his son until they went away They returned to the sloop dismasted her towed her into deep water and sunk her

The three [illegible] took as pirates

[illegible] a good bully-o [illegible]

[illegible] Anne [illegible] twisted leg [illegible] whipped his hair to [illegible]

[illegible] several [illegible] plundered good [illegible]

IT WAS during that time that they stopped and plundered a West Indiaman There was one Englishman aboard

"We'll save him" decided Anne eyeing with appreciation the [illegible] blue eyes [illegible] of the stalwart [illegible]

[illegible]

He's [illegible] Calico Jack [illegible] the Englishman was spared

The next weeks were agony for the pirate. Everywhere the captive went, Anne followed, [illegible] admiring, giving him presents until Rackham gripped her shoulder one night

"[illegible]" he snarled "You're seeing too much of [illegible] Does he [illegible] a woman?"

"Why [illegible] Jack. Course [illegible]

"If [illegible] it'll be the worst [illegible] ever [illegible]"

"That jealous Jack" she laughed and her soft [illegible] about his neck "[illegible] with thy fine, strong shoulders and mighty arms to clip me away from all other men"

"Aye, and tear other men from thee, too," he laughed

But Anne still looked sideways at the Englishman. Then one night Rackham [illegible] with [illegible] to find Anne gone

"The [illegible]" he swore, tugging

(Continued on Page 20)

Got a Cold?

Want to smoke [illegible] KOOLS [illegible] KOOLS [illegible]

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

WARM THEIR HEARTS

—and their tummies with this easy breakfast drink

THREE TEASPOONFULS IN A CUP . . . ADD HOT WATER AND STIR. READY TO SERVE IN 10 SECONDS.

THE MILK AND SUGAR ARE IN IT.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

NESTLÉ'S

START THE DAY THE HAPPY WAY . . . WITH HOT NESTLE'S

Creamy, rich cocoa for breakfast! Remember how you loved it? Wonderful chocolate flavor, steaming hot to ward off chills on cold mornings.

Now your children can enjoy it with far less trouble for you! Hot Nestle's takes only ten seconds to make! Here's all you have to do: simply put three teaspoonfuls in a cup, add hot water and stir. Instantly you have rich, delicious cocoa with the creamy chocolate flavor that has made Nestle's chocolate bars so popular.

Nestle's EverReady Cocoa is a remarkable combination of three ingredients . . . choice cocoa, sugar and pure whole milk . . . blended and already cooked for you No messy hard-to-wash pans! No disagreeable "skin" on top!

Naturally, a HOT drink is a better way to start the day. And, in HOT Nestle's you have a ten-second breakfast drink that costs no more per cup than ordinary cocoa!

Try delicious Toll House Cookies made with Nestle's Semi-Sweet Chocolate (Yellow Wrap)

MOTHER, PLEASE MAIL THIS COUPON FOR US

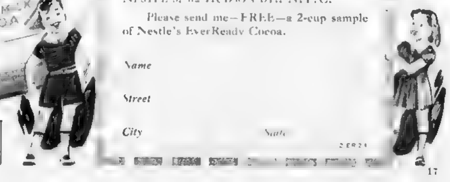
NESTLE'S, 62 HUDSON ST., N.Y.C.

Please send me—FREE—a 2-cup sample of Nestle's EverReady Cocoa.

Name

Street

City State



(Continued from Page 11)

all the time Judge, what time did Mrs Storm and I leave Sulphide?"

Judge Jeffers smiled dubiously "About one-thirty."

"Ketzler," Peter said, "was being killed about the time we were being married. Sheriff, if you'll accept Judge Jeffers as an alibi witness [illegible] You've been running a bluff."

Sheriff Johnston [illegible]

LAUGHING GIRL

[illegible] wire me if anything occurs to you later."

"Gladly, I'll wire you at once."

"All right. You can go. Do you want to see these reporters [illegible]"

"Let Judge Jeffers talk to them," Peter said. He had obviously [illegible] He thought: [illegible]

[illegible] pride as he said "I'll be delighted to talk to the reporters for you Mr Storm."

Deputy Niles looked disappointed and displeased. "Where can we reach you if we need you?"

Peter gave them his New York address and hurried from the room.

He took a taxicab to the airport, stopping on the way to telephone the hotel. The clerk said that Mrs Storm had not yet come downstairs, although she had had breakfast served in her room with a tray.

"Have reporters been trying to reach her?"

"Yes sir. But she put a stop on her phone and said she is seeing no one. Shall I ask her if she'll talk to you?"

"It won't be necessary," Peter said. "When she comes downstairs tell her I called and said that a laughing girl is a wonderful asset to any man. Mrs Storm will understand."

CHAPTER XII.

IT WAS almost three when Peter reached the airport. The plane he had chartered was still waiting. He told the pilot he had changed his plans and wanted to go to La Junta, Colorado.

The express, Peter knew, stopped at La Junta at 9 20. He intended to carry out his original plan. He would board the train and give Scott Higgins his choice of surrendering the formula or being turned over to the police. The police would, it was certain, catch him eventually, anyway.

It was eight forty-six when Peter alighted from the plane at La Junta Airport. He told the pilot to have the plane serviced and to wait. He took a cab to the Santa Fe station.

With a little more than twenty minutes to wait for the train, he bought a paper. The two right-hand columns and a large part of an inside page were devoted to a somewhat garbled account of the explosion which had killed Dr. Hilary Logan on his ranch near Las Vegas, Nevada, and the roadside mystery killing of Dr Logan's assistant. But most of the space was taken up with the story of Peter Storm's and Sandra Page's elopement to Sulphide, and Peter's examination by Sheriff Johnston.

There was the usual version of his participation in the defense of Carol Dunbar in her trial for the murder of Max Pendleton, the theatrical producer, and a wholly inaccurate account of his recent brawl on the courthouse steps in Reno with Grace Thorpe's husband. And a statement by "Glitter Girl Lynne Van Pell," who branded the earlier reports of Peter Storm's marriage as "absurd and crazy" and had refused to talk to the press thereafter.

And almost at the end of the story was a reference to the mysterious blue sedan which had figured in the killing of Simon Ketzler. It had been found, abandoned at the Santa Fe station in Needles, California. But there was no mention of the ticket agent. And there was no intimation that the police or the reporters suspected the real reason for Dr. Logan's death, or Ketzler's.

"Can You Say How Long Ketzler Had Been Dead?" Peter Asked Dr. Whitaker, Running a Hand Nervously Through His Hair.

THE streamliner's searchlight suddenly appeared around the curve, and the gleaming stainless steel train pulled into the station.

Peter found the train conductor and asked him if a tall blond, mustached man wearing a pale gray shirt and white trousers had boarded the express last night at Needles.

"Yes, sir."

"What car is he in?"

"He got off at Albuquerque."

Peter thanked him. He was disappointed, but not greatly surprised. If Scott Higgins was taking orders from Brook Van Pell, as Peter was now certain he was, it was logical that Van Pell would have wired him as soon as he had learned from Sandra that Peter knew Higgins was on board the train. The streamliner had stopped at Albuquerque at two o'clock.

Peter went to the telephone office and put through a call to the ticket office at the Albuquerque airport. He asked the man who answered if Flight Two had left Albuquerque on schedule, at two-fifty-seven, and was told that it had.

"Did you take a passenger—a tall, blond man of about forty with a mustache and a slight English accent? Six feet two, weight about a hundred and ninety."

"Yes sir Mr Eric Donaldson."

"Did he buy space to New York?"

"Yes sir."

Peter thanked him then called the Kansas City Airport and ascertained that a Mr Eric Donaldson had been aboard when Flight Two, on time, had cleared for St. Louis.

Peter phoned the St. Louis airport and was informed that Mr. Eric Donaldson had been aboard when Flight Two left for Indianapolis at 10.42 p. m.

He had dinner. At eleven-thirty, or twelve-thirty, Central Time, he phoned the Indianapolis airport and was told that Flight Two, now a sky sleeper, had left on schedule at 12 15, and that Mr. Eric Donaldson was aboard, occupying Lower Four.

Peter was now sure that Scott Higgins intended to remain aboard Flight Two the rest of the way into New York, arriving about 5 30.

He put in a call for Dan Ryan, at his residence in Pittsburgh.

When he said, "Dan, it's Pete Storm," the president of the Allied Metals Corporation betrayed the extent to which his nerves had been stretched during the past twenty-four hours by barking: "Have you got it?"

"No, but you're soon going to have it."

"What's going on? Where are you?"

"I'm in La Junta, Colorado. There's been a leak. The explosion was an inside job. Dr Logan's assistant, Ketzler, blew him up and ran off with the formula. He was tracked down and killed by a man named Scott Higgins, alias John Medkin, working for a N. Y. corporation lawyer named Van Pell. Higgins is now on the plane due in Pittsburgh at 3:34 your time. He's traveling under the name of Eric Donaldson.

Take two of your men to the airport and grab him. The formula is in a platinum pocket watch. Get it before he can get rid of it. This man is very dangerous and may be armed. Warn your men to be careful."

"Who's this girl?" Dan Ryan barked.

"All that'll keep. I have a plane under charter and I'll fly to Amarillo, Texas, and make connections that'll put me in Pittsburgh by half-past two this afternoon. I'll phone you from Amarillo. Take this man Higgins to your house and keep him under guard until I get there. Is that perfectly plain?"

"Okay, Pete. The mill we've been building for handling loganite will be done in a week. The powers that be have sent men here, and they're impatient for us to get started."

"We'll be started," Peter promised him, "within a week."

PETER returned to the airport. His plane had been serviced. He slept all the way to Amarillo. Landing there, he first attended to his reservation on Flight Four which would stop at Amarillo at 5 06 a. m. Then he phoned Dan Ryan.

The president of Allied Metals said "Your man gave us the run around. He got off Flight Two at Columbus. Does that mean we've lost it?"

"No," Peter said. "It merely means I'll be going to New York instead of Pittsburgh. Where is Jim Severance?"

"In Baltimore."

"Can you reach him?"

"Yes."

"Tell him to go to Washington first thing in the morning, and get me all possible information on Scott Higgins alias Prof John Medkin. The F B I may have a file on him. Tell Jim to send report air mail special delivery to my apartment. I'll phone you tonight."

Peter next called the airport at Columbus. After a wait he was told that Mr Eric Donaldson had left Flight Two there and had immediately chartered a small plane to New York. The man to whom Peter talked was puzzled.

"Mr. Donaldson's plane won't reach the Newark airport until at least an hour after Flight Two."

Peter could have told him that the plane Mr. Donaldson had chartered wouldn't reach the Newark airport at all. Scott Higgins' strategy was clever and it was also obvious. There were a dozen small airports within a short radius of New York, not to mention a thousand cornfields, pastures and golf courses, any one of which a small plane could get into. He had selected the cleverest way of reaching New York without detection.

Peter determined to outwit the wily Medkin, now put through a call to Ben Macklin, one of his two legmen in New York.

He said to Macklin "Ben, I want you to keep an eye on Brook Van Pell the corporation lawyer." Peter gave him Van Pell's address and said "Get up to his house immediately. He'll be [illegible] [illegible] He's six feet tall and weighs about a hundred and ninety. I'll reach Newark late this afternoon. Be at my apartment at five o'clock."

Ben Macklin said "Okay, Mr Storm. Do I take Eddie Dolan?"

Eddie Dolan was Peter's other legman. "No. I have another [illegible]"

Peter's [illegible] long distance call was to the [illegible] Hotel in [illegible] The desk clerk said that Mrs Storm had left the hotel at seven thirty, [illegible] in a taxicab [illegible] Las Vegas. She had made [illegible] that left the Las Vegas airport eastbound at about half-past eight."

"Did she leave any message?"

"Yes Mr Storm. She left a [illegible] to read it to you if you called. It says 'When further tricks [illegible] played, the [illegible] will play them. I adore you just as much as ever. [illegible]'"

When Peter left the phone booth [illegible] was slightly flushed. [illegible] had unerringly [illegible] it would annoy him. Because he loathed publicity [illegible] he wired the city [illegible] of every New York newspaper [illegible] all to have photographers [illegible] meet the plane [illegible] Mrs Peter [illegible] Newark.

Peter then wired Eddie Dolan, instructing him to meet the plane and to trail Mrs Storm.

As she [illegible] the Pulaski Skyway from the Newark air terminal, Sandra Page Storm tried to compose herself. She smoked and tried to assure herself that everything would, with a little time, work out all right. [illegible] notified the press that she was coming in on this plane, and she supposed it

(Continued on Page 20)

if you're STOUT

we can FIT you

Free STYLE BOOK

LEARN for yourself that we can FIT you. Simply send coupon below, and we'll send you a FREE copy of our new style book. [illegible]

For FREE Style Book mail coupon TODAY.

Lane Bryant Dept. 42 39th Street at Fifth Ave. NEW YORK

Two Other FREE Books

☐ Check here if you are an Expectant Mother, and we will send you also our Style Book of Maternity Apparel and of Layettes for new-born babies

☐ Check here if you have children from one to ten years of age, and we will send you also our new Style Book of Infants & Children's Apparel

LANE BRYANT Dept. 42
39th Street at Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Dear Madam: Please mail free copy of your Style Book of Slenderizing [illegible] STOUT WOMEN and MISSES
Name ....
Address ....
Town .... State ....

IT WAS UNFORTUNATE BUT TRUE— MRS. M—— HAD BEEN SO ANXIOUS OVER HER BRIDGE LUNCHEON THAT SHE GOT NERVOUS B.O. (NERVOUS BODY ODOR)

What Science knows about your busy nerves...and "B.O."

Nerves react on sweat glands—cause nervous perspiration. If precautions have not been taken, the result is *"nervous B.O."* Lifebuoy Health Soap in your daily bath stops "nervous B.O." Lifebuoy keeps you safe, protected for hours and hours from "B.O." whether caused by feelings or hard work. Lifebuoy is *different.* Feels different, looks different, and *acts* different, producing a bath thrill beyond compare.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Its crisp odor goes in a jiffy
Its protection lasts and lasts

Save $ and Earn $ With ALMANACK HINTS

Today on Page 21 The American Weekly begins a new department called "Almanack Hints." Readers will find this interesting feature a twofold source of profit.

First of all, the many time-and-money-saving suggestions by competent housewives are adaptable to your own home.

Secondly, the Almanack Hints Editor will pay $1 for each and every equally helpful suggestion sent in and used. There is no restriction on the number of hints which may be submitted. For example, Mrs. Wilma Thone, of Clyde, Ohio, today wins $6 with six excellent suggestions.

Turn to Page 21 for full details.

Let Us Prove YOU Have Beautiful Hair!

One shampoo with Halo must brighten your hair with seductive luster, must leave even dry hair easy-to-manage, or it costs you nothing!

WE want to prove that your hair can do wonders for you when shampooed in an amazingly different way. Just let us show you once, that when the natural radiance of your hair comes forth, it can improve your whole appearance.

Halo Shampoo can do this for you, because it contains no soap or oil to form a dulling film on your hair. Ordinary soap and oil shampoos so often leave this dulling film on hair, so it looks dull and dead, unmanageable and stringy.

Now in Halo Shampoo, science has discovered a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather, without the use of soap or oil.

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HALO SHAMPOO

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

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What Makes the New Stars That Suddenly Appear in the Skies

(Continued from Page 5)

surface not greater than, for instance, the area of the State of Pennsylvania.

Some 2500 years ago a profound and ingenious philosopher of the ancient Greeks made the seemingly very naive statement that the sun had approximately the size of the southern part of Greece.

In the 18th or 19th century nobody doubted that, like the sun, all fixed stars must be much much larger than the earth; but, strange as it seems, the estimate of the ancient philosopher appears today no longer as an under-estimate as far as supernovae are concerned.

Thus, in a relatively very small sphere a mass approximately equal to the average mass of a fixed star is concentrated, a mass several hundred thousand times greater than that of the earth.

The explosion of a supernova thus proves to be actually a complete collapse of a star. If our earth would have to suffer such a collapse, it would become reduced to a sphere of a radius of only half a mile and a surface not greater than the area of a small town.

The consequence of such a collapse would necessarily be the development of enormous quantities of heat and hence a gigantic radiation of heat and light. For it is well known that any object dropped from considerable height is warmed up if its motion is stopped.

For the same reason we should expect an enormous increase in temperature if the earth would contract from its actual size to that of a sphere of a diameter of only a mile.

The effect would be even more gigantic in the case of the sun whose mass is much larger than that of the earth.

In such a case the sun would shrink to a sphere of less than one hundred miles in diameter. A gigantic "perisphere" of such size could be placed in one of the largest of the curious craters on the moon. It must be [illegible], however, that if the shrunken sun itself would be placed in the crater the immense attraction exerted by so gigantic a mass over relatively small distances would cause an instantaneous breakdown of the entire body of the moon.

There is thus obviously a close causal connection between the enormous brilliance of the supernovae and their smallness after the collapse.

What may cause such a collapse is a question which scientists cannot yet answer at the present time, but the hypothetical phenomenon of the stellar collapse is probably related to a fact which was discovered as early as 1911 and on which modern atomic physics is based.

It is the fact that the masses of atoms are nearly entirely concentrated in so-called atomic nuclei the diameters of which are about 100,000 times smaller than those of the atoms themselves.

Atomic [illegible] as we know, electrically charged, but their charges are compensated by opposite charges of [illegible] 79 in [illegible] gold.

If atoms would collapse on a large scale in such a way that their electrons would plunge into the nuclei and unite with them and that some [illegible] of these collapses, atoms it would actually show a density of the same immense order as collapsed supernovae whose brilliance at the climax surpassed many million times that of the sun.

It might also be mentioned in passing that besides the collapsed supernovae astronomers know still another kind of stars of [illegible] density.

These stars [illegible] is not as in the case of [illegible] about a [illegible] but a few several hundred thousand times that of water [illegible] mysterious white dwarfs among the fixed stars. [illegible] the earth. [illegible] known among the white dwarfs is ever as small as our [illegible] whereas its mass is twice that of the sun.

The [illegible] the catastrophes known to science. But a man who witnesses such a catastrophe is by no means its contemporary. He observes the event only after much [illegible] these light rays which left the [illegible]. Although light travels so fast that it takes them only about eight minutes to come to us from the sun they need many thousands of years to reach us from other parts of our galaxy and millions of years to come to us from other star systems beyond the galaxy.

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Smart women care for their skin with reliable Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura Ointment helps heal and clear up externally caused blemishes... Mildly medicated Cuticura Soap soothes and cleanses. Give your skin the benefits of regular Cuticura care. Buy BOTH Cuticura Soap and Ointment today. All drug counters. For FREE sample, write Cuticura, Dept. 31, Malden, Mass.

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Hot Biscuits make a perfect test for Parkay as a spread. The heat brings out the delicious Parkay flavor that's so good on bread and toast. As a seasoning Parkay makes hot cooked foods melt in your mouth. Try it on baked potatoes, vegetables and broiled meats.

Cakes, pies and cookies taste better when made with a delicious *flavor* shortening—like Parkay. As a cook who takes pride in her baking you'll like the light, fine-textured cakes—the flaky pie crusts, crisp cookies and fluffy muffins that Parkay helps you make.

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Made by Kraft in a brand new plant—

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Its delicate fresh flavor, its pleasing texture, makes Parkay an excellent spread for bread that will delight all the family. Parkay is rich in nourishment—one of the best energy foods you can serve. You'll never know how truly fine it is until you try it.

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[illegible] units) the growth vitamin so vital to perfect health—especially important to children. (Parkay contains 8000 U. S. P. units per lb.)

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING!

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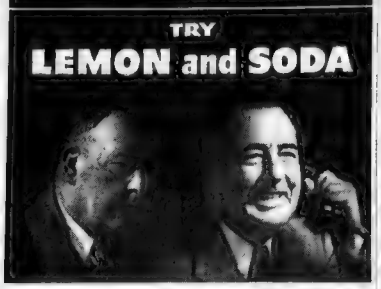
TRY

LEMON and SODA



It's RIGHT to keep "regular." And equally right to use the gentlest laxative you find effective.

So make a ten day trial of non-irritating, non habit-forming *lemon and soda*. First or last thing dail. 1. Squeeze juice of a "Sunkist" Lemon into tall glass half full of water. 2. Put half teaspoonful baking soda (bicarbonate) in another glass. 3. Pour back and forth, and drink as foaming subsides.

This also helps keep the system normally alkaline and supplies vitamin C, abundant in fresh lemon juice.

Try lemon-and-soda for ten days. See if you do not benefit when you make it *your "regular" rule.*

Lope, 1940, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Sunkist Lemons

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Is YOUR Pie "THE TOPS?"

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack," a monthly feature on the second from the last page of this rotogravure.

Read the easy to follow rules on that page NOW, and send in your prized recipe. It may lead to the easiest $5 you have ever earned.

CAESAR'S "LOVE NEST"

(Continued from Page 1)

[illegible]

Cleopatra [illegible] Egypt.

Mark Antony was then struggling with Augustus Caesar for [illegible] Egypt.

[illegible] She went to meet him enshrined as Venus in her royal barge. As Shakespeare expresses it:

The barge she sat in like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water, the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfume it that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.
For her own person,
It beggar'd all description

[illegible]

The procession [illegible] of herself was followed by [illegible] of [illegible] Cleopatra [illegible] with [illegible] Antony [illegible] the splendor of the [illegible] Cleopatra [illegible] "Tomorrow [illegible] Then and there she [illegible] of everything [illegible] at the banquet.

[illegible] remarked that [illegible] Cleopatra had [illegible] with [illegible] Antony for the good of [illegible]

[illegible] to Antony, Cleopatra [illegible] the Roman officers at another banquet. On this occasion she caused the floor of the room to be strewn with roses to the depth of [illegible] the surrounding walls, the guests thus walking to their couches upon a perfumed mattress of roses.

In the course of conversation Antony appears to have told the Queen what such a banquet would cost him, and she replied that she could easily spend $750,000 upon a single meal. Antony questioned this, whereupon Cleopatra made a bet with him that she would do it the next day.

When they had finished eating next day and it was time for the liqueurs, Antony calculated with Plancus the expenses of the various dishes and estimated the value of the golden plates and goblets. He then informed Cleopatra that the total did not nearly reach the figure named in the bet.

"Wait a minute," said Cleopatra. "This is only a beginning."

She made a sign to the attendant slaves who brought a table upon which a single cup was set containing a little vinegar. She was wearing in her ears two enormous pearls, each of which was worth more than half the amount named in the bet. One of these pearls she detached and threw into the vinegar, where it [illegible] called. The vinegar and some $75,000 having trickled down her royal throat, she prepared to destroy the second pearl in the same manner. But Plancus interfered and declared she had won her bet.

For fourteen years she shared with Antony the rule of the Eastern world during which time they lived with an extravagance that has never been equaled. Then Antony's Roman enemies gained the upper hand over him and he committed suicide.

Cleopatra was then at the mercy of the ruthless and cold-blooded Augustus Caesar who had already conquered Egypt. At this point the memory of her days in the Roman villa and the triumph, with Vercingetorix, and her sister Arsinoe in chains must have occurred strongly to her. Before she put the fatal asp to her bosom she exclaimed

"I will not be exhibited in a triumph."

The Great Caesar Was Not the Only Famous Man Over Whom Cleopatra Wove a Love Spell. Mark Antony, Among Others, Fell Captive to Her Charms. This Picture from the Painting by Gustave Wertheimer, Shows the Historic Meeting Between the Egyptian Queen and the Roman General.

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Pepsodent Alone Now Has American Dental Association Seal of Acceptance!

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Representing 43,000 Dentists, the A. D. A. Council on Dental Therapeutics award their coveted "Seal of Acceptance" to All 3 Forms of Pepsodent dentifrices

NO QUESTIONABLE DENTIFRICE COULD STAND UP UNDER SUCH STRICT TESTS . . . LOOK WHAT WENT ON BEHIND THE SCENES BEFORE PEPSODENT GOT THE PRIZED A.D.A. SEAL OF ACCEPTANCE!

PEPSODENT SPENT OVER $1,000,000 TO DEVELOP PRESENT PEPSODENT FORMULAS. The abrasiveness of every ingredient is tested to keep Pepsodent among the *least* abrasive of dentifrices.

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THE PUBLIC PASSES ON PEPSODENT. *Folks like you*—thousands of them—representing every type of dental condition—checked all Pepsodent formulas for *effectiveness*.

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■ The A. D. A. Council on Dental Therapeutics checked every formula, every test, every claim made in advertising. PEPSODENT PASSED ON ALL COUNTS . . . and was then awarded the prized Seal of Acceptance by the Council representing 43,000 dentists! That's why we believe that SAFE PEPSODENT is the kind of dentifrice that *dentists* want you to use . . . whether you prefer tooth *paste*, tooth *powder*, or a *liquid* dentifrice.

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5. Pepsodent contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO DRUGS.
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ALL 3 ARE SAFE . . . ALL 3 CONTAIN IRIUM

So take your choice!

★ This Advertisement Has Been Approved By The Council On Dental Therapeutics Of The American Dental Association.

On the Trail of Pirate Treasure

(Continued from Page 17)

a cutlass from its sling. "I'll cut out a heart out!"

Staggering to his feet he went on deck. All was silent but for the wash of sea alongside the hull. Forward, beneath the fo'c'sle was a door. He crept to it and crouched there listening.

"Aye, by Heaven! There they are whispering like turtle doves."

He crashed his cutlass against the door and made the discovery that the young Englishman was Mary Read—a woman.

Rackham staggered back to his bunk, fuddled brain reeling with astonishment.

But Mary and Anne were better than most men. They fought in the thick of every battle, nor asked nor gave quarter.

So they went until the King's sloop surprised them off Negril Island. In the battle that followed Rackham behaved with great cowardice. The King's sloop running alongside he ran to the hold with several pirates, leaving Mary Read, Anne Bonny and another man fighting alone on deck. Anne saw them retreat.

"Strike colors," came Rackham's voice.

"I'll strike ye dead first," she shouted and fired her pistol among them.

Fighting like tigresses the two women were at last overpowered and taken to Port Royal for trial. They stood with the rest of the gang and Anne used the same plea as Mary to avoid hanging with the rest. She was put in prison with Mary Read and stayed there until her delivery of a child. From time to time she was reprieved from hanging, and there is no evidence that she was executed. Friends of her father pleaded on her behalf, and it is thought that but for her having deserted her husband for Calico Jack she might have been pardoned.

Just before Rackham was to be hanged he begged to be allowed to see her. But all the comfort she gave him was:

"That she was sorry to see him there, but if he had fought like a man, he need not have been hanged like a dog."

It is thought that Anne Bonny died in prison. Yet there are legends in Jamaica that she—only twenty-five when arrested—was pardoned, married a planter and lived to a ripe and respectable old age.

Next week I will tell how the notorious Blackbeard shipped with the Devil, and how the Governor of North Carolina profited thereby.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

LAUGHING GIRL

Sandra Looks Happily to Brook Van Pell for Help

(Continued from Page 18)

had been Peter Storm.

The size of the mob of reporters and news photographers had shattered her morale. She had tried to be gracious and to keep smiling. And all the time, all she could think of was to get away from them, to get into New York, and to put her problems into the capable hands of Brook Van Pell.

Brook would, of course, have a solution. A simple clever solution. For her father's sake, she must avoid anything resembling scandal. She could not live in the same apartment with the attractive, purposeful man she had married. That was, she told herself again and again utterly out of the question. Yet, with all this publicity, her picture in all the papers, how could she live away from Peter Storm without causing a scandal?

It was to Sandra an insoluble problem, but she was sure and she felt happier and more relaxed every time she told herself so—that Brook would find a way. Adoring her as he did the last thing he would want for her would be either alternative — a a scandal, or her living in Peter's apartment.

She had phoned Brook from the airport, and he was waiting for her in the lobby of their favorite cocktail lounge, the Pehcan—tall and straight and dark-skinned from his polo just, as she told herself, as she recalled him, as if it had been months since she'd seen him, instead of days.

Sandra was so happy to see him that her eyes filled with tears. Blinded with them, she groped for him and went into the circle of his strong arms. He kissed her and said, "Darling, darling, it's been awful, hasn't it?"

She said, in a breaking voice, "Darling, it's been ghastly." She wanted to laugh. She knew she must look a sight. He had her hand tucked tight under his elbow, and at the feeling of his strength, she felt much better. All the awfulness she had been through was worth it now. With him, she wasn't uncertain or afraid. Everything would work out all right. His presence said so. His very calm and strength verified it.

They went to their favorite booth, and she sat across from him and gazed at his face, smiling through her tears, adoring him. His gray eyes, in his dark lean, good-looking face, were grave and gentle and solicitous and his smile made all she had suffered triply worth it.

He hated women who wept. He had said so often. Sandra opened her purse and repaired the damage as best she could. Her eyes were red, the lids swollen, and she knew she looked a wreck. But she was too excited, too nervous at seeing him again, to do justice to the repair job.

Brook Van Pell was bending toward her, looking at her with the busy, hungry eyes of a lover.

She said tremulously, "Darling have we got the formula?"

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(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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WON'T SOMEBODY TELL MUMMY TO USE PURE IVORY IN HER DISHPAN?

And listen, Lady! If you're been giving yourself a case of dishpan hands by washing dishes with strong soap—please try baby's gentle Ivory instead. See how much softer and smoother your hands will be in just 2 weeks.

Ivory is *kind* to your hands—so gentle that doctors advise it for the sensitive skin of babies. Yet Ivory costs less than 1¢ a day for all your dishwashing—less even than those granulated soaps you use on washday! So help your hands stay smooth. Start using pure Ivory for dishes today.

Ask for "Large-Size" Ivory.

SMOOTHER HANDS FOR LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY!
IVORY SOAP
99 44/100% PURE • IT FLOATS

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Pepper Adds Pep to Winter Dishes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

IN HOW many hundreds or thousands of recipes has the cook not read these commands: "Add salt and pepper to taste"—and then stirred, mixed, blended or thickened the mixture as the case might be.

Some recipes call for "a speck of pepper"; others request "a few grains of pepper." But modern culinary usage accepts the wording "add a dash of pepper," and lets it go at that, or else states the amount as "⅛ teaspoon pepper" or "½ teaspoon pepper" with exactitude.

As every housewife knows, black pepper and white pepper come from the same pepper plant. Black pepper is the whole berry picked before it is ripe, whereas white pepper is the center of the same berry after it has been allowed to mature, and after the black outside hull is peeled off to reveal the inner puckered whitish berry center.

And both black and white may be ground at home in a peppermill or bought preground in airtight containers. Today, the whole peppers are used most generally in seasoning meats of the pot-roast type, or to be included in the vinegar or other "marinade" in which meats and fish are left to season. Or, they are major items of the spice bag for curing and pickling all relishes.

Red pepper, however, is a pepper of quite another color. If by "red pepper" we mean "cayenne pepper," this is the flesh of small red peppers, grown chiefly in Africa, dried, and then ground very fine to a powder.

Cayenne is the hottest number on the pantry shelf, and here "a few grains" or "a dash" are more than sufficient seasoning. Cayenne is largely responsible for the "pep" in such sauces as Worcestershire, and for the "hot" quality of drinks like ginger ale, always capsicum-flavored.

Chili peppers, also hot stuff, are small elongated pods of a plant grown in Mexico, Japan and California. The scarlet chili pods are seen in Northern markets around the Fall pickling season, but chili powder, made from this pepper, is packed in glass and sold at grocers' all year-round.

The latter is the "hot" used to give spice to such Mexican favorites as chili con carne, and to dishes in which oysters, cocktail sauces, etc., are featured. It is also considered by the Spanish, and many epicures, as an outstanding seasoning for breakfast boiled eggs.

A pepper as scarlet as chili, but mild and sweet where chili is pungent, is the familiar paprika, a true sweet red pepper from a plant grown in Hungary as well as in Spain. Paprika has such a mild flavor that it may be said to be more of a coloring or garnish than a true condiment.

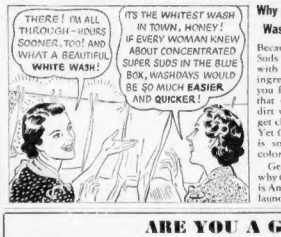
However, many characteristic dishes secure their gay red color from lavish use of this pepper, as witness veal with paprika, or the famed Viennese (Wiener) schnitzel.

Paprika also lends its rich red to color tomato catsups and other tomato condiments, the latest use being to intensify the red of the tomato juice crackers or wafers, so delicious to eat with salads or cocktails. A tasty canape suggestion is mashed cream cheese with celery, and enough paprika blended in to make a deep salmon tone, topped by a stuffed olive.

Any pepper is, after all, a fragrance or a perfume. Therefore, it should be treated as any perfume essence—that is, never allowed to have its strength dissipated by exposure to air. This means buying pepper at frequent intervals, and keeping it airtight.

Another point is—where is the kitchen pepper shaker kept? On the top of the range? If so, this is the worst of all possible locations, because heat will also reduce fragrance and make the pepper (or any spice) pack down in a dry, flavorless lump. A good place to keep it is on or above the kitchen preparing table.

Summing up, pepper may be depended on to give true delightful pungency to Winter foods.



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Get a box and you'll see why *Concentrated* Super Suds is America's fastest growing laundry soap!

What they've learned about nerves can help you in your job

HERE'S one job, you'll admit, that takes unusually steady nerves. The knife-thrower just can't miss—and his human target musn't wince.

So these performers, like most professionals, drink hot coffee daily. Because coffee relieves nervous tension . . . makes for better coordination between mind and muscle. Helps to relieve fatigue, too, by removing its very cause.

So when you are tense or tired, drink coffee as they do—for a quick exhilarating pick-up. And if you're like 97 out of 100 people,* you'll enjoy your coffee and a good night's sleep too. For this helpful lift lasts only two hours.

*Medical authority on request

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

RIGHT or WRONG?
Can you score 100% on this 3-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE SHARPENS THE MIND
Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐
For centuries, the greatest writers and scholars have turned to coffee for inspiration. Because coffee makes the brain "click" . . . induces clear thinking . . . enlivens conversation. Check "Right" above.

COFFEE LEAVES A "HANGOVER"
Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐
It is true that coffee is stimulating, but this stimulation lasts only two hours. And, unlike most other stimulants, coffee does not pick you up only to let you down later. Check "Wrong" above.

IS THERE A COFFEE FESTIVAL IN YOUR TOWN?
Leading department stores are featuring, during February and March, the latest in coffee-brewing devices and demonstrating the best methods of brewing coffee. You'll find it interesting.
DON'T MISS IT!

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough — a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

Almanack Hints

THIS week The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack introduces a new department offering more cash prizes to readers and helping them to save money in their own households. Many Almanackers have discovered some ingenious methods of economizing around their homes. Perhaps it is an unusual way to use leftovers. Maybe it is a clever way to use less gas or electricity. Or then again it may be a timesaving idea for doing housework, or making an inexpensive something do the work of a more expensive something else.

Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers and The Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Please keep them short and to the point and address:

Almanack Hint Editor,
235 East 45th Street,
New York.

* * *

HERE'S a timely hint from Mrs. C. O. Burrill, East Weymouth, Mass., who will receive a check for $1.00 before she even reads this.

SAVED.

When a cake falls, if cooked in an oven heated by oil or gas or electricity immediately increase the heat, say from 400 to 450 degrees, for about three minutes, then return to cooking heat. The added heat overcomes the cold draft, and I have never yet found it to fail.

WITH six useful hints Mrs. Wilma Thone, Clyde, Ohio, wins $6 in prizes. Here is what she writes:

LEFTOVERS.

Mashed turnips, carrots, peas, onions, squash, sweet potatoes, Swiss chard, baked beans and even stewed radishes may be combined with mashed potatoes with excellent results. I find the flavor is more distinct if the vegetables are cooked alone, seasoned and mashed, then thoroughly mixed with the potatoes.

* * *

CHARD.

Lettuce can be made to double for Swiss chard so that no one knows the difference. Wash the lettuce, put it on to cook with water tempered with a little soda. Presto! Psuedo Swiss chard.

* * *

CHILI SAUCE.

Try roasting frankfurters until they are browned nicely, put them in a deep dish, cover with chili sauce and heat through. Chili sauce poured over steak or chops and heated through is also "something different."

* * *

MUSTARD.

Add a spoonful of mustard to regular fritter batter, roll the frankfurters in it and fry in deep fat. You'd be surprised how far that makes a couple of pounds of frankfurters go when unexpected company arrives.

* * *

PATTIES.

Try applesauce in pork instead of with pork. Run an apple, some onion and sage through the chopper with the pork sausages and make patties. Delicious!

* * *

RADISHES.

Stew 'em and they won't "disagree" but have a mild turnip taste. We have them creamed quite often with a little onion and celery salt added.

ARE YOU A GOOD COOK?

Have you found some novel way to pull a meal out of the doldrums with a recipe that adds zest to an ordinary dish?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY pays $5 for each recipe selected and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Turn your experience in cookery into profit!

Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.

Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish shows out-of-town guests some of the city's historic landmarks.

Making Her Debut

BUT BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH AND YOUNG LOOKING WITH POND'S

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

ANSWER: "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a good *appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "Well, Cleveland is mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away. By that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

ANSWER: "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you *have* to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

ANSWER: "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."

Writing Sales Slips

Miss Janet Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.

A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 150-CVD, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

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Brer Rabbit's Drop Cookies

Sift ¼ cup flour over 1 cup chopped raisins and 1 cup nut meats. Sift together 2¼ cups flour, 4 tsps. baking powder, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. cinnamon, ¼ tsp. cloves and ½ tsp. ginger. Cream 1 cup butter; add 1 cup brown sugar; blend until smooth. Add 3 eggs, beaten; then ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Add dry ingredients alternately with ½ cup milk, in which ¼ tsp. soda has been dissolved. Stir in ½ tsp. vanilla extract, ¼ tsp. almond extract and a few drops lemon extract. Add raisins and nuts. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 8 to 10 minutes.

WHEN you serve these Drop Cookies—your guests will beg for the recipe! They're so entirely new in flavor—and sensationally delicious.

But remember—the recipe was planned for pure New Orleans molasses—Brer Rabbit. This fine molasses, made from Louisiana sugar cane, has real old-plantation flavor!

FREE!

Valuable 52-page cook book

116 recipes. Gingerbreads, cookies, cakes, breads, main dishes, puddings, ice creams, candies. 20 photographs. Washable cover! Mail coupon.

PENICK & FORD, Ltd., Inc.
New Orleans, La., Dept. W-9

Please send my FREE copy of Brer Rabbit's brand-new "Modern Recipes for the Modern Hostess."

Name ______ (Print name and address)

Street ______

City ______ State ______

All 5 for Only 10c.

Weeping Palm A fine Showy Window Palm. Needs no petting to succeed. Stands dust, dry air, lack of sunshine. **Ornamental.** Elegant **Fan Shaped** leaves of dark green. Grows in pots or open ground. To introduce our Catalog **we Give** with this the

Shoo-Fly Plant. Keeps Flies Out of House. It is said flies will not stay where it is grown. Mysterious. **Blooms 60 days from planting.** Flowers Summer and Winter. A beautiful house plant. **We also include**

Rose Bushes Flowers in **8 weeks** from planting seed. **Bloom Every Ten Weeks** from Spring to Fall. In 3 yrs. will be literally covered with Roses, perfectly hardy & can be planted in the open ground. Frost will not hurt them.

Climbing Cucumber Save Garden Space. Vines climb readily. Grow on fences, poles, etc., saving valuable space in small gardens. **One hill keeps a good sized family supplied all summer.** Bear early. Continue to produce fruit all season. One plant bears 40 to 50 fruits.

Delicious Peaches Ripe fruit in 80 days. Resemble oranges in color, shape, size. Grow on vines like melons. **Beautiful and Tempting** appearance when canned. Make delicious **preserves and sweet pickles.** Fine for pies. Easy to grow. **All 5 pkgs. of seed for 10c & 2c postage.** Catalog rare seeds **Free.**

E. J. Murvon, Dept. 14, So. Norwalk, Conn.

FREE Powder For Brunettes

A new, ravishing shade of face powder for brunettes called Egyptian has just been produced by **TAYTON'S**—the famous quality cosmetic house. To quickly introduce **TAYTON'S** Egyptian to brunettes everywhere, free samples are mailed on request. Try this glamorous powder. See how it brings out your hidden skin beauty with its wonderful glamorous undertone. **TAYTON'S** Egyptian contains a wonderful new improvement that increases clinging power many times. Sifting through silk makes this powder super-fine, producing the true no-shine, no cake effect. At 10c stores everywhere. For free sample of TAYTON'S Egyptian and 5 other newest shades, merely send post card to **TAYTON'S,** Room 3333, 3631 Main St., Kansas City, Missouri.

Tayton's
Powder—Lipstick—Cream

Brush Away **GRAY HAIR** *...and look 10 Years Younger*

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Ask for BROWNATONE. Get it today.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has the greatest circulation in the world because it's the most interesting magazine on earth.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

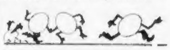
Greatest Circulation in the World

EGG MEALS THAT SATISFY

FOR some reason or other Almanackers, of late have been sending in egg recipes in increasing numbers. Many of them, in the opinion of the experts of the Test Kitchen, were so good that they suggested "main" dishes to provide variety for an occasional February supper.

There are the prize winners of Mrs. D. C. Gidley, Newtonville, Mass. for example. Many a cook will undoubtedly be trying them out during this coming week.

"Here is a recipe that originated just from leftovers and proved to be quite a hit," she writes. "I have made it many times for family or guest suppers. I vary it sometimes—and below is listed what I have used and the different sauce with it. So far as I know, this way of fixing eggs has not ever been published.



Ham Stuffed Eggs

"Boil 6 eggs to hard boil. Cool. Peel and cut in half lengthwise. Remove yolks and mash with salt and pepper to taste. Add 1-16 teaspoon prepared mustard. Then add ½ cup ground leftover ham (cooked). Mix well. Stuff the egg whites. Place in rows in buttered oblong pan. Cover with the following sauce:

"Use 1 can (10 oz.) of condensed mushroom soup. Follow directions in making except only use ¾ cup water to dilute. When dissolved thoroughly, pour over the egg halves. Top all with buttered bread crumbs and sprinkle grated cheese over top.

"Bake until the cheese and crumbs are rich golden brown and sauce is slightly bubbling. Serve two egg halves, with sauce, on square of toast.

"Green salad, rolls or biscuit with simple dessert, makes very excellent luncheon.

Variations

"Stuff eggs with shredded crab meat instead of ham. Make rich cheese sauce for these, instead of mushroom.

"Stuff eggs with chicken and sliced mushrooms, and use mushroom sauce.

"Stuff eggs with any leftover cold meat and use a tomato rarebit sauce, with buttered crumb topping.

"Stuff eggs with flaked salmon, use rich cream sauce with peas in sauce. Crumb topping.

"For children I have had success using spinach in the stuffing—made a cream sauce with ¾ cup of carrots, celery and onion chopped. Omit the cheese, use crumb topping."

"A small amount of grated onion can be added to all fillings except the crab meat, and of course the sauce for children has the onion. I have served all of these, and have varied my salads accordingly. But I always serve salads with adult luncheons. Children enjoy a dessert of apple sauce, covered with ground zwieback and small amount of whipped cream topping."

Spanish Omelet

Here is a prize winning recipe for a Spanish omelet sent in by Beulah B. Van Deman, San Antonio, Tex., who writes:

"Here is my own original recipe. This amount of mixture will make an omelet for eight people. (Using two eggs to the person—when and if dividing the mixture in half, for four or five people.) Use one dozen eggs when feeding eight people. This is a full complete meal. I use this omelet when I invite my friends to a dinner of Spanish omelet.

"Into a deep stewpan put two tablespoons of shortening. Now chop—

"One bell pepper with one large onion, one clove garlic. Fry in the shortening until tender only. Now pour into the stew pan with the onion and pepper, one pint can tomatoes, one can extra sifted peas (with juice), one pint can mushrooms (with juice), one large pimiento and juice, chopped. Let all boil together five minutes, salting to taste, mix and add to the boiling mixture one level tablespoon of flour.

"Now beat only until well mixed your eggs (two to the person or twelve eggs if for eight people). Add to the eggs one teaspoon (level) flour mixed with water, to the eggs, also one scant cup of your boiling mixture.

"Liberally grease your iron skillet or regular omelet pan, pour one half the egg mixture into the skillet which is placed only half over the flame. When one half is done fold over on the underdone half and move it over on the flame. Remember not to cook the egg mixture too much as this ruins an omelet more quickly than anything that can be done against them. Eggs continue to cook after being removed from fire. Now cook the other half of the egg mixture. Place on a large platter both folded egg parts and pour liberal portion of the boiling mixture around the egg mixture. Serve at once."

BOILED BEEF

MAKE IT WITH GRATED HORSERADISH

"TAKE three pounds good brisket beef, cover with boiling water, skim and put in salt, 3 allspice, 6 or 7 white whole peppers," writes Mrs. Mary Greenlund, Seattle, Wash. "Cook until done. Take out a little liquid if too much, thicken as usual, let boil up and add 2 tablespoons grated horseradish just before serving. Do not boil gravy with horseradish. Last add ½ cup rich cream. My mother used to add 2 tablespoons of vinegar and a tablespoon of sugar to gravy, besides the horseradish. This is good for a change and is an old country way of flavoring."

(Mrs. Greenlund, we are grateful to you for sharing your fine old country recipe with us. It is economical, savory and very easy to prepare.—Mary Lee Swann.)

All Seedless Oranges Are Supposed to Owe Their Origin to a Single Tree That Grew in Bahia, Brazil. An Ingenious Naturalist Cut Grafting Buds and Started Other Trees, Two of Which Were Sent to California in 1873.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

SERVE THEM IN A SAVORY SAUCE

"HERE is my favorite way of serving Brussels sprouts," writes Mrs. Elizabeth Oaks, Easton, Pa. "I am sure that Almanackers who try it once will prepare it often.

1 quart cleaned Brussels sprouts	¼ cup mild vinegar
1 teaspoon mustard	2 tablespoons salad oil
¾ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon melted butter
1 teaspoon sugar	½ teaspoon curry powder
¼ teaspoon paprika	1 teaspoon minced parsley
1 beaten egg	½ teaspoon grated onion

"Cook the Brussels sprouts until tender in boiling salted water. Drain well, place in a hot serving dish and pour over them this sauce:

"Mix the mustard, salt, sugar, paprika, egg, vinegar and salad oil. Cook in a double-boiler until thickened, then add the melted butter, curry powder, minced parsley and grated onion. Whip well and use while hot. Serves six."

(We like your Brussels sprouts recipe very much, Mrs. Oaks. It is especially recommended to housewives who are looking for something different to vary their menus.—Mary Lee Swann.)

The "Pear Pudding" of Elizabethan Times Contained no Pears But Was Made of Cold Fowl Chopped Up With Other Ingredients and Baked in the Shape of a Pear.

OLD TIME FRUIT CUSTARD

"I CAN'T begin to tell you how much I enjoy your Sunday Pages. It seems to me you are bringing back into our daily living the fine old recipes and the grand old home loving spirit of the 'days of long ago.' So often you bring to me things I remember my mother making, and which I thought I'd forgotten. I'd like to add my bit, too: Here is a simple fruit custard we had often when I was a child and I loved it. My mother told me when I was grown that we had it so often because I wouldn't drink milk. I drink it now, but I still love this.

"Bring 2 cups of milk to a scald. Beat two eggs, add 2 tablespoons of sugar, ¼ teaspoon of salt and 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Add the hot milk slowly. Put in the bottom of custard cups 1 tablespoon of brown sugar, the lumpier the better, and a date or two, cut up. Pour the custard mixture over this, set the cups in a pan of hot water, bake in slow oven till silver knife tests clean. Cool. Invert to serve. The brown sugar will have formed a nice caramel sauce for the firm custard."

Mrs. Lucy Lenden,
Box No. 1191, Oakland, Cal.

(A tablespoon of strawberry jam or sweetened crushed pineapple may be used instead of the brown sugar and dates.—Mary Lee Swann.)

THE Omelet

For Almanackers who prefer to make an American variety of omelet, here is an old timer which will please the entire family. A prize winner, it was sent in by Mrs. Rose Jorgensen, Swan Lake, Idaho, who writes:

"This recipe has been in our family for years. Great-grandmother called it 'THE Omelet.' I think it's THE, too!

"¾ pound cheese (ordinary cheese) cut into small pieces in a baking dish.

"Add 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup rich milk. Set this in the oven to melt the cheese.

"Five eggs beaten lightly, seasoned with one teaspoon of salt, and sprinkle of Cayenne pepper. When cheese melts remove from the oven. Pour into the eggs, and put back again. Bake one-half hour. Although grandmother's recipe calls for no set temperature, I use a slightly above medium oven 350 F. for best success. It is fairly tempting to see, and it tastes even better. It will not fall as rapidly as a squffle. It is easy to make."

POTATO SOUFFLE

THE WAY THEY MAKE IT DOWN EAST

"BOIL four good-sized potatoes and rub them through a sieve," writes Mrs. Eva McPhreson, No. Vassalboro, Maine. "Take one cup of sweet milk and one cup of butter. Let them come to a boil in a saucepan. Add the potatoes, a pinch of salt, a little white pepper, and beat to a cream. Then put in, one at a time, the yolks of four eggs, beating them well. Drop a pinch of salt in the whites and beat to a stiff froth. Add this and pour into a well-buttered dish. Bake 20 minutes. Eat with meats that have gravies."

(Your potato souffle, made in the Maine fashion, is very good, Mrs. McPhreson. Almanackers who are looking for a deliciously different way to serve potatoes will find it here.—Mary Lee Swann.)

NORWEGIAN SPUN SUGAR FOR DESSERTS

"IN MY old home in Norway spun sugar was a popular garnish for desserts," writes Mrs. O. N. Erickson, Grand Forks, N. D. "Here is the way it was made:
2 cups sugar 1 cup boiling water
Pinch cream of tartar

"Boil without stirring until syrup will form very hard ball, or until syrup begins to change color. Plunge pan into another pan of cold water, and as soon as syrup stops boiling put syrup pan into pan of hot water. Be sure to keep water hot so that syrup will not get too hard.

"Dip spoon in syrup to make a thread and wind thread quickly around a water glass. Pile on plate. This spun sugar can be chopped up, or shaped while warm into nests or any other shape you desire. The finer the thread can be spun the better will be the finished product. A little practice will soon make one an adept at this."

(Mrs. Erickson, it is interesting to note that spun sugar was recently used as a garnish on the spumoni dessert served at the $100-a-plate Jackson Day dinner attended by President Roosevelt in Washington, D. C.—Mary Lee Swann.)

ENGLISH WALNUT LOAF

GOOD TO LOOK AT—AND TO EAT

"I AM sending one of my favorite recipes," writes Mrs. Harry Livingston, Marietta, Georgia. "I have never given this to anyone. Hope it will meet with your approval after you have tested it. This English walnut loaf is excellent.

2 cups sugar (granulated)	4 cups plain flour
½ pound butter	1½ pounds white raisins
4 cups English Walnuts (shelled)	6 eggs beaten separately
1 pound crystallized cherries	½ nutmeg grated
1 heaping teaspoon baking powder	1 teaspoon vanilla

1 teaspoon cinnamon

"Take one-third of flour and flour raisins and cherries. Add grated nutmeg and baking powder to rest of flour. Cream butter and sugar till fluffy. Add well-beaten yolks. Mix well. Add vanilla and cinnamon. Add flour slowly. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Add nuts, raisins and cherries. Cut raisins or put through coarse food chopper. Bake in large pan. Set oven at 275 degrees for two and one-half or three hours."

(Many thanks, Mrs. Livingston, for this delicious cake. It is easy to make, keeps well and is delicious to taste. Some of our readers will prefer to use pecans, I imagine. Baked in a large angel cake pan, your cake is handsome enough to grace any table.—Mary Lee Swann.)

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book.

Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print, plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th St., New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

NOW A CEREAL FLAVOR SO NEW SO DIFFERENT, IT'S GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR MONEY BACK!★

And flavor's only half the story. Made of whole wheat with all the germ and bran left in, Shredded Ralston is rich in energy, mildly laxative, easily digested. Try it!

★ The money-back guarantee is printed on the bottom of every package!

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Ralston Purina Company St. Louis, Mo.

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HERE'S THRILLING NEWS FOR WOMEN WHO WANT LOVELY HANDS

Free...a chance to try Pond's wonderful new-type hand lotion...*Free*

Actual size of free bottle

DANYA is based on an absolutely new formula. One remarkable thing about Danya is that many women buy it after *one trial*—because they find it works so quickly and effectively. No drying alcohol or glycerine in Danya. Instead, a special formula for *improving* hand skin—giving greater softness, suppleness. Take advantage of this wonderful FREE offer—send today for the trial-size bottle shown above, *actual size.*

JUST TRY WHAT ONE APPLICATION OF DANYA WILL DO FOR YOUR SKIN

Free Send today for Vanity-size bottle

POND'S, Dept. 150-DF, Clinton, Connecticut. Please send me free Vanity-size bottle of Danya, Pond's new-type hand lotion.

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Street ______

City ______ State ______

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Recipes From Our Menus

Oysters With Spaghetti.

COOK ¼ pound broken spaghetti or noodles. Boil in plenty of boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with hot water. Scald 1 pint cleaned oysters. Butter a baking dish, put a layer of the cooked and drained spaghetti in the baking dish, and then a layer of the oysters. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and repeat until all the oysters and spaghetti are used, having the top layer of spaghetti. Scald 1 pint rich milk and thicken with 2 tablespoons flour blended with 2 tablespoons butter. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over the oysters and spaghetti. Sprinkle with 1 cup fine breadcrumbs mixed with ⅓ cup melted butter. Bake in a very hot oven, or at about 450 degrees, just long enough to brown the crumbs. Serve immediately.

Oyster Stew.

PUT 1 pint cleaned oysters, ¼ cup butter and a few grains pepper into a saucepan and simmer gently until oysters curl at the edges. Scald 1 quart rich milk over hot water. Add oysters and salt to taste. Serve immediately with hot crackers.

Mashed Potatoes au Gratin.

TO 6 hot riced boiled potatoes, add 3 tablespoons butter, ¾ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and 2 beaten eggs. Beat well. Pile lightly on a baking dish. Cover with ¼ cup grated cheese and sprinkle with ½ cup buttered bread-crumbs. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, until crumbs are brown.

SCIENCE'S newest discoveries are understandably discussed in stimulating articles in this and other issues of The American Weekly... They make this great magazine the most informative source for more than 6,500,000 families in America's vast reading public.

TO WOMEN AFRAID
TO DYE THEIR OWN HAIR!

FOR YEARS, many women have been afraid to dye their own hair. There have been many reasons—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, fear that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre and sheen. And fear, most of all, that every one will know your hair is "dyed"!

How needless these fears! Today you can buy at your drug or department store a coloring preparation, with a money-back guarantee, that will give you beautiful results. Gradually it transforms gray, bleached or faded hair to the shade you desire . . . does it so perfectly that your closest friends won't guess. Harmless as hair dye, this preparation will not interfere with waving or the natural sheen of your hair. It's easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong!

Although Mary T. Goldman Hair Coloring Preparation has proved itself for forty years in millions of cases, we do not ask you to take our word.

Send us a 3 inch lock of your hair, containing both the gray and natural shade, if possible. We will color it for you without charge, and return it to you with a complete free test kit so that you can make the same test yourself and compare your results with ours. If you prefer, you need not send the lock of hair to obtain the free test kit.

MARY T. GOLDMAN GRAY HAIR COLORING PREPARATION
For sale at all leading drug and department stores

Mary T. Goldman Co.
361 Goldman Building
St. Paul, Minn.
Send free test kit for color checked.
☐ Lock of hair enclosed.
☐ Lock of hair not enclosed.
☐ Black
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Light Brown
☐ Blonde
☐ Auburn
Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Whole Oranges or Grapes, Whole Grain Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.	Tomato Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Cranberry Muffins, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Griddle Cakes, Bacon, Syrup, Coffee.	Baked Bananas, Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef, Reheated Rolls, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Creamed Fish, Toast, Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Crisp Rye Wafers, Milk or Coffee.	Tangerines, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Emergency Soup, Croutons, Cheese Soufflé, Cold Broccoli with French Dressing, Cranberry Muffins, Tea.	Spanish Rice or Oysters with Spaghetti, Raw Vegetable Salad, Ice-Box Rolls, Marmalade, Cup Custards, Tea.	Potato Chowder, Crisp Rye Wafers, Cold Corned Beef, Asparagus Hollandaise, Fruit Snow with Lemon Queens, Tea.	Black Bean Soup, Jellied Fruit Salad, Mayonnaise, Cheese Straws, Hermits, Cocoa.	Scalloped Rice and Mushrooms, Red Cabbage Salad, Rolls, Fruit Whip, Home-Made Chocolate Cookies, Tea.	"Chicken-Fried" Round Steak, Mashed Sweet Potatoes, Asparagus or Ten-Minute Cabbage, Raisin Cup Cakes, Tea.	Hot Fruit Cup or Celery Juice, Stuffed Calf Heart, Potatoes in Cream, Cauliflower with Beet Garnish, Raspberry and Canned Peach Shortcakes, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper (Company)*	*Supper*
Broiled Beef Patties, Buttered White or Green Onions, Creamed Rutabagas, Lemon Meringue Pudding.	Corned Beef and Cabbage Dinner, "Crackling Cornbread," Beet Relish, Old-Fashioned Apple Pie with Sour Cream.	Grape Cup, Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding, Horseradish Sauce, Green Beans, Steamed Spinach or Squash, Heart Lettuce Salad, Tarragon French Dressing, Butterscotch Surprise.	Barbecued Pork, Candied or Glazed Sweet Potatoes, Turnip Greens or Mustard Greens, Cole Slaw with Tomatoes, Golden Cornbread, Gingerbread with Lemon Cream or Orange Sauce.	Fish Loaf with Creamed Green Peas, Mashed Potatoes au Gratin, Swiss Chard, Pineapple Salad, Hot Individual Steamed Puddings with Hard Sauce.	Tomato Cocktail, Oyster Stew, Crackers, Mixed Pickles, Jellied Fruit Salad, Mayonnaise, Coffee.	Creamed Egg Shortcake, Green Peas, Macedoine Green Salad, French Dressing, Canned Green-Gages with Custard Sauce.

HOW could Lou confess that the cake she made was the one everybody poked fun at!

If only she had realized the *importance* of choosing her baking powder. Any woman can be more certain of baking success *every time* with dependable Royal.

You see Royal, made with Cream of Tartar, has a *special* "steady action" that is different from most baking powders. Royal begins its work the moment it is stirred in the batter. Thus the expansion of the batter is *continuous and even*. That is why Royal cakes are fine-grained...light...fluffy. Why they keep their delicious moistness and flavor longer.

Many baking powders seem to have an *explosive, uneven action*. A greater part of the expansion is delayed until the cake is in the oven, and rising is often over-rapid. It may blow the batter full of large holes. Then the cake will be coarse...dry...crumbly.

Look at these actual photographs of cake, magnified, and see the difference in results:

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Cheap baking insurance—Royal costs only about 1¢ per baking. The rest of your ingredients cost 30 to 40 times that much. Pure Cream of Tartar makes Royal cost more per can—but the difference *per baking* between Royal and ordinary baking powders is only a *fraction of a cent!*

Remember, Royal is the *only* nationally distributed baking powder made with wholesome Cream of Tartar—a product of fresh, luscious grapes. Cream of Tartar leaves no acrid "baking-powder taste." So ask your grocer for ROYAL. Use it whenever you bake. You'll agree it's well worth the difference in price.

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If you bake at home you should have a copy of the Royal Cook Book which tells you how to make delicious cakes, biscuits, muffins, pies, puddings and main dishes. Send your name and address to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington St., New York City, Dept. AW-3

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Almanack Echoes

Maultashen Soup—In a Free Country

Dear Almanack:

Whenever I read your column I tell myself that some day I will take heart and pass on to you a recipe which has been given to me 27 years ago by an old Bavarian lady. So far I have never found it in any cook book and never have any of my friends or neighbors heard of it but they all like it when I send them a bowl of Maultashen Soup over to sample it. The reason I have waited so long is: I am as you surely notice by my writing, of German birth, although in this good country 18 years on the 18th of December. I am afraid we are disliked by most. Knowing my writing will give me away—I rather keep in the background; I feel, being a German, I ought to apologize to so many, or rather everyone. Well—anyway—I will send you this soup recipe—and wonder how you will like it. It is fine on a cold night served with corn bread—and because it is very filling I just have a good apple pie with steaming hot coffee for desert.

A 20c soup bone—with some meat on it—or two pounds soup meat. One cup celery, carrots, tomatoes fresh or canned. ½ onion, salt to taste. Wash, put in kettle, pour three quarts of cold water over all—let come to a boil, skim, and let boil slowly for 2½ hours. Then remove meat or bone from broth. Cut the meat in very small pieces—about 1½ cups. (You may set the broth on the side until you are ready to serve the meal.) Take one or two eggs—one egg will make enough Maultashen for 3. Salt to taste. Put enough flour on board to make a stiff dough. Roll out not too thin and, cut in 1½-inch squares, take the cup and ½ meat (cut fine) and divide in those squares—moisten the edges of the filled squares with egg white—and close them up—so they are triangle shape. Boil same in boiling water 15 minutes, then heat your broth in meantime again—and transfer your Maultashen to your broth. It is quite a little work—but it is worth it. You serve 2 Maultashen in each bowl of broth—corn bread on the side, apple pie and coffee after—and if I may say so—it is a regular he man's meal—my husband loves it, and he is from Missouri—so I had to show him first. Hoping that you can read and understand this I remain sincerely yours,

Mrs. Paula Bruce,
3924 Stevens Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minn.

(Mrs. Bruce, we're just a bit surprised at you. The fact that you were born in Germany makes absolutely no difference as far as submitting recipes are concerned—nor should it be cause for your "keeping in the background" in your daily life. This country is a free one and, thank God, a neutral one. Even if we were at war with another country, as a free thinking, unprejudiced people we would recognize that there is no good as well as bad people in every nation on earth. And if after reading this you still feel that you are disliked because of your geographical antecedents, you might read one of our great documents, the Declaration of Independence—especially the second paragraph which begins "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."—The Editor.)

Ski Supper

Dear Almanack:

Healthy young people do not stop picnicking with the arrival of cold and snow. A good many "a-little-oldsters," too, still love to be outdoors.

Heartier picnic suppers, however, are required for Winter appetites, and something hot is absolutely necessary after a day of skiing or hiking whether supper is eaten in a mountain ski hut or in the week-end cabin at the beach.

This is one of my young people's favorite suppers after a day of skiing on Mt. Ranier.

2 pounds beef cut in small pieces
½ pound bacon or salt pork, diced
1 cup celery
1 large onion
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup hot water
1 cup macaroni, cooked
2 cups canned tomatoes
2 cups rice, cooked

Add the celery and onion to the bacon or salt pork cooked in frying pan. Cook until tender. Sear beef. Make gravy with the fat, flour, and hot water. Put all ingredients in big baking dish and simmer 30 minutes or longer.

Ski supper heated the second time at the mountain or beach is even better than when first cooked.

Margaret F. Whittlesey,
Tacoma, Wash.

(With the skiing season now open and thousands of youngsters and "a little-oldsters" participating in this invigorating sport, your recipe is very timely, Mrs. Whittlesey.—The Editor.)

Always Measure Carefully to Save Money and Get Best Results.

Farm Candy

Dear Almanack:

I have just made a batch of our old standby "Farm Candy" and I thought you might like to pass it on to your readers as it is the best ever for children and so simple to make. Here it is:

8 large tart apples
2 cups granulated sugar
½ cup red cinnamon drops
Enough water to start apples cooking

Directions: Cook apples and press through fine strainer, add sugar and red cinnamon drops, and cook down in flat saucepan, till it's very thick and begins to pull away from the pan. When you can handle a sample on a cold plate it is done. Spread on platter and cut in inch pieces and roll in coarse sugar. Dry a few days and pack in layers with wax paper.

Mrs. J. R. Hickman,
Box 27, Rt. 4,
Oregon City, Oregon

(Your "Farm Candy" was delicious when tried in the Test Kitchen. Children will love it.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Pop-Corn and Cream

I wonder how many Almanack readers have ever enjoyed the rare treat of this Early American dish for a light supper, handed down to me through my father and my father's fathers? Just warm, freshly popped corn in bowls (not too small) of thin cream or milk—but how wholesome and delicious! As children and "grown-ups" we have loved this.

Perhaps this simple dish, rich in tradition, might sometimes offer a welcome substitute for those who have tired of the less tasty but far more expensive cereal foods so loudly exploited over the radio. No special inducement is offered with this other than the promise of a second bowl.

Mrs. Hazel Malone,
Delaware, Ohio.

(This excellent recipe may be varied with the addition of fresh fruit such as bananas or berries.—Mary Lee Swann.)

"TOSSED ICE CREAM"

1 large egg, well beaten
¼ cup top milk or cream
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 pints clean firm snow

Mix four ingredients well. Put snow in large bowl, pour egg mixture over it and toss with two forks till a rich yellow color. Serve at once. This recipe can be doubled.

Mrs. I. D. Hulvey,
Mt. Kisco, New York.

(Mrs. Hulvey, your Tossed Ice Cream recipe is really ingenious the way you make use of snow as an ingredient—Mary Lee Swann.)

Prize Letters

For all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay $1. Prize-winning recipes are awarded $5. Be sure to write your name and address plainly and use one side of the paper only.

The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York City.

THIS WEEK'S ALMANACK PRIZE WINNERS

Mrs. D. C. Gidley, Newtonville, Mass.
Beulah V. Van Deman, San Antonio, Texas.
Mrs. Mary Greenlund, Seattle, Washington.
Mrs. Elizabeth Oaks, Easton, Pa.
Mrs. Lucy Leaden, Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. Eva McPherson, No. Vassalboro, Maine.
Mrs. O. N. Erickson, Grand Forks, N. D.
Mrs. Rose Jorgensen, Swan Lake, Idaho.
Mrs. Harry Livingston, Marietta, Georgia.
Mrs. Paula Bruce, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. Louise Weber, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Hazel Malone, Delaware, Ohio.
Margaret F. Whittlesey, Tacoma, Wash.
Mrs. J. R. Hickman, Oregon City, Oregon.

Next Week!

Come aboard a Portuguese fishing boat and learn how to prepare cod. Discover how to make the kind of apple pie that Vermonters love for breakfast. Try Nogada, a Mexican candy, and Haslets, an inexpensive pork recipe. These and other prize-winning recipes are treats in store for Almanackers in next week's issue.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

CHOCOLATE CRUNCH COOKIES

½ cup Spry
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup granulated sugar
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg, beaten
¼ teaspoon soda
1 cup sifted flour
1 seven-ounce bar semi-sweet chocolate, cut in large pieces
½ cup nuts, cut

Combine Spry, salt and vanilla. Add sugars gradually and cream well. (No work at all with smooth creamy Spry!) Add egg and beat well. Sift soda with flour. Add flour to creamed mixture and mix well. Add chocolate and nuts and blend.

Drop from tablespoon on Spry-greased baking sheets. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 12 minutes. Makes 3 dozen—but watch them disappear! Spry gives *wonderful* cookies—marvelous cakes and pastry. Use purer Spry for all baking—frying, too.

(All measurements in this recipe are level)

—(Clip and save this Spry recipe)—

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REDUCE THE EASY RY-KRISP WAY

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